NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER, "THE SERGEANT MAJOR'S VALENTINE."

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DOROTHY THE CHILD OF FATE

Or HER DUAL LIFE

By HELENA BALLARD WHITE

CHAPTER I.

Down in St. Charles street, in New Orleans, the morning breeze played mischievously with an improvised flag, that waved conspicuously from the white pillar of the old southern home where lived Colonel Victor Lambert. It was placed there with great effort by the Colonel's daughter Dorothy, through her worship of a Northern hero as well as to torment her father, whom she delighted in teasing, and who always took her pranks good-naturedly, though her daring at times astonished him.

Since she was able to toddle about, Dorothy had been venturesome in a marked degree, and it took the combined efforts of the mother and a maiden aunt to keep her from serious trouble. Now having finished her toilet the mischievous girl hid behind one of the large magnolia trees, her shrewd eyes closely drawn about her to watch for her father's coming.

She had not long to wait. Soon she saw the old white horse jogging along with the somewhat dilapidated carriage that had been in service for many years. Upon reaching the gate the Colonel gave the lines to the colored boy, and with bowed head and thoughtful face walked in the shade of the trees toward the house.

As he drew near and still kept his eyes to the ground, being lost in thought, the culprit commenced to fret.

"Pahaw, after all, he is going to walk straight into the house without seeing it," she said, with a pout, as her foot tapped. Thereupon, she coughed slightly, but the sound failed of effect. The somewhat dazed eye of the Colonel.

"Hist! oh, father!" she called, still keeping her position behind the tree.

At this the Colonel stopped short and looked with amazement at the United States flag that flapped just over his head, then in the direction of the girl behind the tree. At heart he was a Confederate still, and this little incident immediately incurred his displeasure; but upon guessing who the offender was, the frown on his face soon changed to a look of amusement.

"Up to some of your pranks, as usual, you rascal," he said, as the fun-loving girl came bounding toward him.

"Why don't you scold, papa?" she asked, as she stood on tiptoe, and pressing the withered cheeks between her palms, kissed him full on the lips.

"Well, knowing what a rebel I am, it is venturing pretty far, Dot."

"Do you think so? Well, Pa, our opinions are formed by the way we look at things in this life. Now, we look at this from an entirely different point of view. You cherish old true prejudices while I cherish the memory of one of the greatest men ever created. Concerning the troubles that have passed, both parties were too hot-headed, no doubt, and rushed blindly into battle without stopping to think of the consequences. Perhaps I haven't much patience with either side; you know how I hate war, Pa; how inhumanly childish I think they are. But since it was a free fight, and all fair and square, I think we should not harbor ill feelings to the extent that we cannot appreciate greatness. Do you know, Pa, I have read every bit of history that I could find regarding Lincoln, and every speech he ever made and that ever fell from his lips, because I simply adore his style, his noble, so charitable, so true, so courageous, and intelligent. Then to think of his aspirations and perseverance. Why, it is almost like a fairy tale, when one thinks of a boy born in such hardships and deprivations rising to such distinction all through his own effort. Then such an unique character. Others may be reproduced, but the world will never have another Abraham Lincoln. So you see, Pa, from sheer admiration, or adoration, and not from a sense of patriotism, do I honor his name and memory by raising this flag and paying my respects today with thousands of others." The waves from Dorothy Lambert's home, and her dear, good, generous Pa is going to indulge his whims, isn't he?"

"Why, gracious me, Puss, you are fairly aglow with enthusiasm. You should take the stump at a good Republican meeting. I venture you would be the crack orator of the day. However, we will let the flag wave over our heads today in commemoration of a great man. I think, though, some other flag would as well have served the purpose. But it is all right, all right, my child. I am glad to have you appreciate true worth, wherever it may be found—even in a black Republican. However, I am not thinking much about these things just at present, for my mind is weighted with something far more serious. Serious, because you must know, Dorothy, that your future welfare is the greatest anxiety of my life. Tell me, child, have you any one thing about that old shyster, that man Walker, do you? You ma and Aunt Betty believe or pretend to believe that you do, but I don't know better. I know that dear, refined little girl like Dorothy Lambert couldn't love an old man like him. Why, Dot, he is almost as old as I am, and not half so good looking."

At this Dorothy laughed outright, and said: "Half, half so good looking! Why, I should say not. He is as homely as he is good, and while my pa is the aristocratic, handsome Southern gentleman, he is but a commonplace, Northern pork-packer. But, Pa, you know beauty is only skin deep."

"How deep do you want it, Dot? You can't see beneath the skin."

"Literally, yes; yet one looks beneath for the heart. And Mr. Walker has a heart, I know, a great big one, Pa, and what is better, a round, fat purse. It is so dreadful to be poor—and, law me, just think what is going to become of you and ma and Aunt Betty if something isn't done and done in a hurry, too. You are too old to work and you won't hear to my working for you, so where is it all to end. Ma and Aunt Betty have just been talking over the matter of your driving a street car, and both tried to think that you—you, Pa, should be forced to do a thing so menial."

"But, my daughter, the money is all gone. I can think of many things that I might do and start all over again, if I only had a little capital. But I haven't a red cent to invest, so there you are."

"Well, you shall not, shall not do that, Pa. You see, if I could marry old—er, Mr. Walker, he has promised to settle fifty thousand upon me in my own right. That would make you all comfortable for life and I should be happy, too, because I so love beauty and elegance and travel, and Mr. Walker promises that I shall travel wherever I desire. Won't that be great? Of course 'tis possible I might find some one whom I could love better—some younger man, you know. But since you all say that marriage is such a lottery a girl can never tell what she is getting, even though it should marry some one more to my fancy, I might draw a blank, and by marrying Mr. Walker, I shall without doubt, draw quite a million. Yes, and I would make him a good wife in the bargain. He evidently thinks I am handsome enough to be worth fifty thousand and what he misses in the way of affection, he can make up in admiration and the pride of possession. He is ever talking about how beautifully he will govern and believe me, and how he will delight in showing me off to his friends."

"But you—you love Duke Cameron, Dot!"

"Ne, I don't, Pa; his ears are too big, and do you think he is worth sacrificing a whole million for? Indeed, not. And though I loved like a Venus, it would be downright selfish of me to marry a beggar, like Duke Cameron. But, there, there now, listen and believe me, Pa; I don't care a rap for him."

"But, Dorothy, you are too young, much too young to be tied to an old gander like Walker. I understand, my girl, it is through a noble impulse that you have come to this decision, but you do not realize the seriousness of such a step. You see only the glitter. To live with a man whom you do not love and scarcely respect, will prove a sorrow that all the wealth in the world cannot soothe. No, my daughter, my pet, you shall not make this sacrifice. I won't hear to it. It would bring me more trouble than my poverty and the degradation of driving a street car. So I'll go to work, and perhaps, after a little while, something will turn up. It's all luck in this world, anyway. I'll strike something yet. So I must have your promise right now, Dorothy, that you won't consider old Walker for another moment. I am going to tell him in a quiet way, that his presence in my house is not agreeable."

"Oh, but you must not, Pa. He is to come to dinner this evening on special invitation from Ma and Aunt Betty, and as host, you must treat him with Southern cordiality. Aunt Betty thinks he is first rate."

"Well, then, hang it all, why in the devil don't Aunt Betty marry him. They would be some sense to such a union. The idea of his wanting a young thing like you, Dot."

"Perhaps you are right, Pa, but Aunt Betty isn't by nature the schemer he is looking for. You can't blame Mr. Walker for being willing to pay a handsome price for a handsome toy. If he wants to squander fifty thousand dollars for a young and good-looking wife, it is his privilege, and if his protective views other than your beloved daughter, Pa, you would be first to say that he was making a wise investment."

"No, no, you don't understand. It was never intended for Spring and Autumn to unite. Spring with its freshness and Autumn with its decay are a bad combination. Your youth would be chilled by his age. However, I cannot think that you are serious, my child. You know you like to argue with me, just to torment. Should it come to the test of putting your head in the tyrannical halter, to be hitched to the side of that old canvass for life, you would scurry away like a mouse dropped from the jaws of a cat. People who have lived through the poetry of their lives on to prose, an old maid like Aunt Betty, for instance, might do well to marry for convenience. But for a young girl like you, Dot, with your life all a white page as yet, it would be a crime, a crime, I say. I want your life book to be one so honeyed that the pages will stick together when you sleep. The pages of the one that you talk about would be black with bitterness, blotted with tears, and torn with a longing that you wot little of. The heart craves for food as nature has for the body, and sometimes in life, somewhere along the line, that craving has got to be satisfied, or you can see shoals ahead that you do not. What would you do, if, after you were united by a man ill-matched as Walker, you should meet with someone whom you so loved that you could think of no sacrifice too great? The long hours of the day and night but this one thought, the sacrifice, the natural and keen temptation when it comes in such a form. And I tell you there is pain, sorrow and such a fate is in store for you should you marry old Walker."

Dorothy sat on the bench, with her chin resting in the palm of her hand, a thoughtful look upon her countenance, a flush on her face, and silence ensued for some time. At last she started, and looked about at the roses on the vines overhead that were swept by a chill north wind, and looking with serious eyes into her father's face, said:

"Perhaps you are right, Pa, at least we will think no more about it for the present. Mr. Walker has given me a month to which to decide; he says that I am young and he wants me to know what I am about. Of course, he has been encouraged by Ma and Aunt Betty or he never would have spoken to me on the subject which you refused to listen to. I am sure he will want your consent before pressing the matter further, so you see, Pa, you have nothing to come. I hear Aunt Betty calling. Luncheon must be ready. I smell the cornbread, too, she said she would make just your kind."

Never during her existence did the dying of the day smite so heavily upon the heart of Dorothy as did these that were allotted her for her decision of the future. The twilight always brought serious meditation and generally the pork-packer. At times the young girl would look with horror upon the thought of her union to the aged man, who was all but repulsive to her, and decide it to be a trial beyond her strength. Then something would transpire to change the

"Dat am right, yous got a heap of sense, honey."

whole tenor of her thoughts and purpose, and she would be just as positive when the final moment came that she would walk into the great unknown with never a tremor. One thing that influenced her toward the last was the sudden illness of her father. She would sit silently by, watching his patient suffering and her mother's troubled face, thinking of all that she might do to relieve their misery, if she had but at her disposal the pork-packer's thousands.

So one evening when the millionaire called, Dorothy ran joyously down to the gate to meet him. She led him to a rustic bench under the rose bower, and talked with him in an unusually forward manner, and when he left, promised to meet him at the dock early the next morning.

The pork-packer was all in a flutter and trembling violently, a few moments later, when she sought her Aunt Betty, and even whispered to her that she was to go with her on the next day for a trip on the Gulf and see how she liked Mr. Walker's new yacht.

Aunt Betty, who had let many good chances slip through her fingers in her day, and had finally succumbed to the realization that she was an old maid, was determined that her niece should profit by her experience, and became unduly anxious. She acted as if she had lost her judgment and discrimination, when it came to choosing a husband for her niece, and was ready to fall in love with none of the young lady's callers, and the millionaire seemed to her a veritable "Prince Charming." She highly favored the union from the first and whenever Dorothy found her courage ebbing and to ooze, she always sought Aunt Betty, who administered fresh doses of encouragement and spirit by extolling the old gentleman's many virtues. Now, in the final hour, she especially needed her support, though the maiden aunt little guessed the importance of the step on the following day, and was thus far out on the bay. Dorothy came and whispered to her and

"This is an elopement, Aunt Betty. I forgot to tell you before. I'm not going to stop a single evening aboard the yacht and you are to witness a great transformation scene. When I leave the yacht I expect to become the pork-packer's chattel —going for one fifty thousand dollars. Inside of fifteen minutes Dorothy Lambert will be no more. Right here I bid farewell to the ceremony, now, promise, Aunt Betty, or I shall fall in a dead faint. I am sick now at the very idea. Feel how I am trembling, Aunt Betty."

"Yes, that is the way it always affects a bride. But, laws a mercy, Dorothy Lambert, what have you done? Of course I want to see you happily married to the millionaire and comfortably settled for life, but must you—Lordy, he'll be so angry to think you disobeyed his wishes, and for a boat ride. I'll have to put up the raffle, he'll forbid me the house. Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy, what have you done? What have you done?"

"Oh, sh! up, Aunt Betty, you see I need you to give some tone to the lying of the nuptial knot, and it is better that it should come daily. Then, if Pa in a fit of anger, should be very severe with you, why, there are other homes open to you. You can go with me to mine in Chicago. So don't bother. Of course you will do well to keep off alive, after confronting Pa, but there is nothing to be done face to face with him to-morrow back now, though I must confess since I have been on the boat I have changed my mind about the whole affair. I am all right now, however, but when the ceremony is over, I expect you to desert me. You'll promise to hold my hand and stay by me until I get over it, won't you all in over?"

"Y—yes, I guess so, Dorothy, but, law me, how sudden this all is! Me a facing a real marriage ceremony before. I have time to think. I wish you would do such a shocking thing, but this is the worst of all. Perhaps I'll have time to get a letter and have rowed your Pa to give his consent."

"No, Aunt Betty, I am determined I should never marry the magnificent relic, and grew more stubborn about it every day. Although I thought I could be severe, I could not aggravate him by talking about the subject, so far from it, I think my name has not been mentioned between us. Pa thinks I am quite given over to the thought of marrying him. Oh, I tell you, Aunt Betty, there will be merry war when we go back, for I mean to be cantankerous. Poor, Then I know how to coax Pa into a good humor and when I am married and released, just think how nice it will be. As Mrs. Walker, I shall spread myself on fifty thousand, gloat over it awhile, then make you all a handsome present, and Pa

THE EDITOR'S BRAIN

Did Not Work Well Under Coffee.

A brain worker's health is often injured by coffee, badly selected food and sedentary habits. The experience of the Managing Editor of one of the most prosperous newspapers in Battle Creek, who left Postum Food Coffee illustrates the necessity of proper feeding for the man who depends on his brain for his daily bread.

"Up to three years ago," writes this gentleman, "I was a heavy coffee drinker, and knew it was injuring me. It directly affected my stomach and I was threatened with chronic dyspepsia. It was then that my wife persuaded me to try Postum Food Coffee. She said results were so marked that I cannot say too much for it. When first prepared I did not like it, but gradually developed the fact that cook had not boiled it long enough, so next time I had it properly cooked and was charmed with it. After that time coffee has had no place on my table and for months I suffered no pain. My wife are fond of this new cup which 'cheers but does not inebriate' in a much more than fitter sense than coffee. My stomach has resumed its normal functions and I am now well and strong again mentally and physically.

"I am confident that coffee is a poison to many stomachs, and I have recommended Postum with great success to a number of my friends who were suffering from the use of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

can have all the malt in New Orleans to make him strong, and all the dainties in the French Market to tempt his palate. And we'll fix up the leaks in the roof and newpaper and refurnish some, and make the old house bloom. Indeed, it is just splendid, Aunt Betty, and you should rejoice instead of acting in this way; you, who have always advised this marriage.

"I never—I never advised an elopement, Dorothy Lambert, and you shan't say so. You shan't tell your Pa that I had any hand in this dreadful—"

"Sh-sh-sh, don't get excited, Aunt Betty, this was the only thing to do, and I'll exonerate you fully, especially for some, myself, and tell Pa just how I tricked you into it and why. Hold on, gracious me, we are here—at the dock. See, see that clerical-looking man, Aunt Betty! He—he is my grandfather. Hold out your hand; they are coming aboard. Mr. Walker has the license, but he has also something better. He has a draft for fifty thousand, made out to me. What is fine, isn't it? I know you won't leave me, Aunt Betty?"

"Why, of course, my child, but how pale you look. Here, a whiff of my smelling salts, quick, it will restore you. Poor child, I always meet with—with—"

A few moments later, Dorothy was consoled as it struck her that her father and of Aunt Betty's digging her with her elbow as she spoke, and she, in turn, began with both of trembling and mumbling. Mrs. Hugo Walker fainted. Her husband was on deck. After the ordeal was more trying than her wildest fancy had pictured it, Dorothy was overcome with joy. Her mother she felt like scurrying away, as her father had proposed, but as the bridal party was being hard, she clutched wildly at Aunt Betty, as the safest support at hand, in order to summon her courage. This dauntless spirit of the venturesome girl had been inherited from her father, and it was until the bridal party had entered the gate of her father's home that Dorothy found herself for the affray that she felt sure was coming. After Dorothy's husband and the old Colonel denounced them all alike, and swore that he would never forgive Mammon's daughter. But within a few days the tempest had passed and realizing that no more fifty thousand, and the imperative command, through a sacrifice of his pride, that he should receive them, he tried to comfort her, humbly begging her forgiveness for his harshness.

Dorothy was not anxious to get back to Chicago, so one fine morning he took all the members of the family, Mammon to a Northern one.

Dorothy, to the young bride that the flight of her life had died forever. But as time wore on, the days of her girlhood, with its peaceful, constant indulgence, and the delights of travel, somewhat dulled the pain, and although Mr. Walker was not a creature entirely different from Dorothy had pictured, he was kind and to her least, and the cheering letters that her Aunt Betty wrote from Chicago of her father's great improvement quite reconciled her to her fate.

Everything went on very smoothly for six months or more, then something happened that caused a little more than excitement one morning, at the thought of Dorothy's husband's bachelor days and his parents. Her husband had consented, reluctantly, to allow her to go to a ball given going, that evening, back to the simple home and the simple life that she loved so well.

CHAPTER II.

She had risen early, her joy would not let her sleep. Her husband had requested that he might not be disturbed. This she did, and was not to be disturbed. This she did, and her parents had light housekeeping, and ried to give her maid orders about the packing.

A heard noon she stood in her boudoir, laying out a few articles that she wished mother would put in her trunk, when the maid, a colored woman whom she had brought from the South, entered the room and said:

"Doun you be skeered, chile, but Sam, he done tole me dey am somethin' wrong wid Marse Hugo, an' he go arf fetch you. He am a waitin' in de hall."

"Oh, Nannie, isn't that too bad now. I suppose that I can't see him. Perhaps though, he isn't so bad; I will go and see. It seems he is always sick when I go to a ball, I cannot help him to have a doctor. Anyhow, I must go and see what I can do for him. Tell Sam to spread my shawl, I want you to put in this upper tray, for I am afraid you will forget it."

A conversation in the hallway, near her door, caused her to pause. She knew that she ran hurriedly out, and facing two of the servants, demanded to know what all the excitement was about.

"You tell—no, you," came from the lips of the servants, as they looked at each other with scared faces.

"Sam, you act as if you were crazy. What can be the matter? Speak out, Sam. I command you!"

"Something's de mattah wid Marse—he—he—"

Without waiting to hear more, Dorothy swept hurriedly past them into the chamber occupied by her husband. Stretched on the bed, she uttered a wild shriek and fled from the room. There was a terrible change in the look on the upturned face. Her husband was dead! Death had come upon him with no one near. It was there that his heart and this smote heavily upon her consciousness. Her husband had spoken of the servants for a doctor, then stood trembling for her return.

Her husband had such a prejudice against the medical profession that this was the only time he would consent to it. That one had ever been called, although several times when he had suffered greatly and what he termed an attack of indigestion, she had pleaded with him to have one come to his relief.

"Died of arsenic poisoning!" was the statement made by the physician in some hours later, and this statement was the beginning of the young woman's bitterness.

The authorities could put but one construction on the case. A beautiful young girl, still in her teens, married to a man in his sixties, the possessor of a million.

Clearly he was poisoned, the physician declared. Then the detectives commenced to weave a chain of circumstantial evidence about the wife, who could not have loved the aged man whom she wedded. Suspicion is a wonderfully vital thing, and by the time Dorothy was brought to the realization of what was being said, she found herself in a prison cell, with the most possible stigma upon her name.

Then came the long and tedious trial. The papers everywhere gave full accounts of the tragedy and trial, and the public became greatly interested in the fate of the young girl, whose beauty had won her fame along with her supposed misdeeds.

Many people purchased arsenic for her husband at one time, looked bad for her at the time the case developed, it was proven that the man had for years been a victim to this drug.

The unfortunate affair came near breaking the heart of the proud old Southern gentleman, who was a conspicuous figure during the trial. With a look on his face as sad as death itself, he sat by his daughter's side through the trying, heart-breaking hours, while the leading attorney painted a picture and held it up to view, as unlike the sweet-hearted girl as the ocean is like unto the clear, liquid pond of water surrounding a natural spring.

In the course of the trial it was to be made known, the courtroom was packed to the fullest extent with women, both men and women. Interested in the fate of the beautiful young woman, when she was acquitted, went almost mad with joy. Loud hurrahs went up, hats were tossed in the air, strangers fell into each others arms, and fairly climbed over each other in their excitement in order to reach the bench and offer their congratulations.

In the eyes of the jury of the Southern beauty was adjudged innocent; yet, in that fatal hour, there was something lacking, and that was that tasted through her natural life.

The woman who has been held for murder, no matter how innocent, has small chance for success, and this point we will now come to blight the years of the unfortunate girl, and when she went back to her old home, the shadow of the prison was where once a sunbeam had frolicked.

The old gentleman tried to surround the ease and comfort that wealth alone can bring, but it was beyond his power to bring happiness. At least so thought Dorothy. The blow was felt alike by each member of the family.

Although she grieved enough, Dorothy was wholly unprepared for the ordeal through before the public. In her innocence, she had not dreamed that the sympathy of the fair sex is hidden beneath the perfumed bloom she was yet to encounter. She little knew that the sweetest of the women were the world's cynicism.

The old mansion at home she was greatly petted, fawned over and sympathized with by those who had been her bosom friends. In the calm which followed, the brand which she bore came plainly to the surface.

Those who following this affair she passed in seclusion, and after that, being well supplied with money, she sought that pleasures. Its glitter, its buzz and excitement would overcome her sorrow and mourning and prepared to re-enter society. Then the Spanish-American War broke and closed against her. Her wealth and beauty counted for nothing in the view of the stay-at-home women, for she, who had sat behind prison bars was unfit to mingle with the sweet women.

Dorothy's proud and sensitive spirit was deeply wounded by the ostracism, and when she wildly bewailed her fate, in her heart she knew that she was innocent of crime, and was as innocent as a nursing babe, yet it seemed she could be treated little worse had she been guilty of such a crime.

"Why, I believed that every one truly believed me innocent," she would exclaim to her Aunt Betty, "and I find, to my horror, that I am the victim of circumstances and such ready sympathy into my ears, acted merely upon impulse. At heart they are all in doubt, and must be so. Then I know I have nothing more to live for; I were better dead, for I am a burden to myself. Not to be respected! Can you think what that means, Aunt Betty? Why, just as you know, this has all been brought about through my desire to do good to others. I have given up my life, and I am sacrificed my youth in order to bring happiness to those I love, and now I am of greater moment than my own. Oh, why should one suffer thus through good intent!"

"Another did the same, you know," said her aunt, soothingly, in her attempt to calm His bore the cross. "Ha hard, I understand, but it is the will of God, and we must submit. This is much to suppress, so take heart that you have done no wrong, and

Weep and you weep alone." So in her wisdom, she covered her feelings, and always presented a serene exterior. She talked to the young man about everything save herself. On that subject she was as silent as a sphinx and tried always to avoid any reference to her past.

They were very companionable, these two, and finding so much in common, spent a great deal of their time together. It was purely a spiritual friendship. The man thought he understood the wounded feelings that the proud girl had endured to hide, and pitied her greatly. He, too, was an outcast, in a way, and as men are more prone to discuss their private affairs than are women, she soon learned that being a wife and somewhat dissolute youth, he had proved a great disappointment to his family, who, in time, cast him off entirely. He had not been worse than many other college boys, who seem to think that recklessness means manliness, but he was one of those unfortunates, who was not sly enough to cover up his deeds, and so all his misdoings had an airing.

He had had a hard battle of it for a number of years, since he started with nothing, for a foundation, but a large will and a strong mentality. He slaved away for a time at what he could find to do, and when the Klondike fever broke out, decided to try his luck. As was the case with many others, Fortune smiled not kindly upon him, but saked in exchange his health, and he returned to society only a part of his gains to see it a cure might not be effected.

During this time that he was enabled to get around, he and his new-found companion derived much amusement from watching about here and there, visiting the theaters, attending the various social functions, and taking a peep into the slums to look up some unfortunate and give another start in life.

During this period the spirits of the invalid were much revived, and the woman became less mindful of her woes. She was less sensitive to the sore and careful never to intrude her presence where she thought it would not be desired, so she soon came to depend upon Miles Irving, altogether, for companionship.

All too soon their good times came to an end; for with Winter's severity the invalid's nerves grew when he was confined to his room, it was Dorothy alone who cheered the waking hours, reading to him everything that she thought would be of interest or anything to help to while away a stretch, thus endeavoring to keep his mind from himself. But in spite of all her efforts, endeavors, and in spite of all her efforts, endeavors, and in spite of all her efforts, endeavors, and

THE SIGNET RING;

Or,

Love and Knighthood in the Black Hills.

By Annie L. Smith, Author of "Cuba's Dark Secrets," "Oath Bound," Etc

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CHAPTER V.
KNIGHT AND LADY.

Spreading his blanket upon the section of log which served as a chair and sofa, he drew her to his side.

His presence cheered and soothed her strangely, he had been so kind, so considerate, studying the comfort of the two delicate women who had been tacitly left to his care, and in nameless attentions, so unobtrusively bestowed, he had gained their confidence. It was such a relief to feel that his strong arm would protect her.

"I am glad mamma was sleeping soundly; my first thought was to awaken her, but she is so tired and I feared the excitement might prostrate her—then I remembered that you were here."

Perhaps she was conscious that she had laid particular emphasis upon the pronoun, for she blushed vividly, settling her glossy tresses, and her eyelids drooped in maidenly confusion.

"Poor little girl!" Gerald whispered tenderly, straining with the impulse that nearly overmastered him—the desire to take her in his arms, to tell her how he loved her, "poor child, what a pity that you should be exposed to the hardships and dangers from which strong men shrink. Pardon me if I seem impertinent, but it is singular that your father should allow you to undertake the perilous journey—surely none of us will be too delicate to endure the toilsome march to the mining camp, which is still many miles distant, and over a rough road almost impassable except for mules and oxen. Your father must have been quite ignorant of the real danger, else he would never have consented to bring his family to this wilderness region, so far from civilization."

He had passed several months in these hills, he went out from Bozeman with an expedition, had stayed there, without doubt became a sort of agent in the Indian affairs—I don't understand much about the matter. At all events he is fully aware of the danger," in the sorrowful response, "and I don't believe he cares—"

She spoke the last word with hesitation, there was a tremor in her voice, and Gerald Hethrington saw that her sensitive lip quivered, her eyes were suffused with unshed tears.

"Not care?" he echoed, "and he a husband—a father!"

"I have spoken but the truth, I fear," she returned, "poor mamma is all the more to love me—all I ever had, and I fear this journey will kill her, for I should lose her I could never again take pleasure in anything; it would break my heart—I think I could find it in my heart—to hate him!"

"Poor little soul, it is as bad as that!" he asked, "confide in me, perhaps I can comfort you—aid you, and, believe me, I would give my life for you!"

It is such a solace to find a friend to whom I may speak freely," she faltered, "mamma and I do not often talk of papa," and then, sitting by his side she whispered the story of her childhood told him of the shameful neglect, the cruel indifference, the tyranny that had wrecked her mother's life, and of her own grief when the knowledge of what her mother had suffered came to her, clouding the young life that her mother's fond love had made so happy and care-free.

"Father was away most of the time, or visited his home only at intervals until I was nearly twelve years of age, then, for a season he remained with us, and I gained a knowledge of his real character.

"From your statement one could but imagine that your life has been filled with sunshine," he said.

"I think I have inherited a small portion of my mother's hopeful disposition. It is more for her than for myself I grieve, and I have realized the full extent of our misfortune, perhaps."

"And you have no idea why your father came to the Black Hills?" he asked.

"Not the slightest, she returned, "We have been so accustomed to obey his slightest commands that we made no protest. A question concerning his motives would have provoked a storm of abuse—he is always morose, at times cross, and yet, to the outside world he is a patient, courteous, proper, suave, courteous. It is somewhat singular that since we started on this miserable journey he has been reserved to our fellow travelers, I think, so does mamma, that there is some secret connected with his sudden determination to make his home in the wilderness, but we have not the faintest idea what the nature of it may be."

"Have you always lived in Kentucky?" he asked.

"I was born and reared in Louisville. It was dreadful to leave our home—how mamma cried—not the servants, for it is only when we are alone together that she dares give way—oh, if we might only hide away where he could never find us, but we have no means of support, and mamma is so delicate."

There was something in the magnetic gaze which he was regarding her that caused her to look up in his face, and something in the expression of his dark eyes where the love-light was kindling that startled her. Swift as thought her cheeks drooped, her fair cheek flushed to the hue of the wild rose, and her heart throbbed wildly, as half unconsciously she interpreted the meaning of that glance.

"Have you no relatives?" he inquired, "none to whom you might apply should the necessity come?"

"None, mamma was an orphan—she had a small fortune, but after her marriage papa invested the money and since that time he has the entire control.

"I have no one in all the world who loves me, except mamma, and should I lose her my heart would break," she continued, in a low tone.

Such a temptation surely no man who loved as he loved the young girl by his side even withstood, for there was that in the sweet downcast face that told him his wooing would not be in vain.

"No one to love you," he breathed passionately, "no one to love you, darling, when I would give my life to call you my own. Look up, tell me that you love me even as you are beloved, be entreated, be coaxed, be conscious that he was showering kisses upon the fair young face, upon the lips, he deemed so perfect in their beauty, as he caressed her to his heart, while she, in her strange, bewildering joy, so akin to an unreal dream, realized only that Gerald Hethrington was holding her in his arms.

"By Judas!" exclaimed Joe, "one of them is a white man."

"Don't!" she faltered, a ring of pain in her voice. "It makes me miserable when I remember that tomorrow you will be far away, exposed to dangers that I cannot share—I love you—how can I let you go?"

The pale little face nestled close to his broad chest, his arms encircled her slender form in a close clasp.

"I must leave you, but so surely as we both live I will return to claim you for my wife—let our love remain a secret—not from the mother who adores you, but from the father of whom I have an instinctive dread —I have no misgiving concerning the answer your gentle, loving mother will give when I ask her request, for I think I know how she will answer me."

"Hon! Jon!"

It was her mother's voice calling, and the young lover drew her closer, pressed a tender kiss upon her unresisting lips and released her.

Day dawned, raw, dark and drear, the air filled with a dense white almost impalpable spray that would scarcely be called snow, when Gerald Hethrington awoke and spurred, stood beneath the great pine a few feet from the cabin, one hand grasping the rein of Black Prince, his right arm wound about the slender waist of his betrothed wife who had risen early in the bleak, dismal morning to bid her lover adieu.

"Good bye, good bye, my darling," he whispered, "do not blame me my own love, for it is by the right of a great love that I sue, should he discover our secret—I am sure your mother knows all and approves, God bless you, I am faithful to your vow, as I shall ever be, and remember that only when I am worthy will I presume to claim you as my own—my wife."

In a flash of tenderness he pressed his lips to hers, his face lighting with a great happiness as she whispered:

"To the end of my life I shall be true."

"And a faithful forever," he murmured. A faint sob is her only answer, one more kiss, a fervent embrace, a lingering gaze in each other's eyes, then her arms fall away from his neck, he vaults into the saddle and Black Prince bounds away, throwing up great dashes of snow from beneath his flying hoofs. In a moment the pale, wistful face watching through the whirlwind is hidden, and with a heavy heart, and a vague apprehension of coming ill, Gerald Hethrington pushes over the unbroken trail, to the northwest.

CHAPTER VI.
CALIFORNIA JOE.

Once during his long journey back to Crook's encampment the young courier narrowly escaped capture by one of the prowling bands of Red Cloud's warriors who were scouring the country in every direction. For within less than a day's ride of the stockade and night found him upon the borders of a circular vale enclosed by hills, upon one side abrupt, a series of bluffs overhanging the hollow in a shelf-like projection.

Captain Hethrington had visited the spot while on an expedition which both he and man *in* February, 1874. The command of which he had been placed in command of the country in every direction scattering the hostiles, and rendering important services to the government. That was two years ago but Gerald recognized the landmarks.

Entering his steed into a narrow defile bounded upon one side by the bluffs and separated from the grassy hollow by a line of boulders, which rose to a considerable height of from five to ten feet, he dismounted, and guided his weary horse between overshadowed at intervals by the low-lying branches of pine and spruce, dismounted several points by maple and willow, to the entrance of a cavern, merely a deep oval opening in a bank of the bluff scarcely fifteen feet in depth an oval, perhaps twelve feet in its widest portion.

The skies had cleared, but the night air, even in the cavern was bitterly cold, being securely sheltered from observation from the vale beneath and the desert path above he determined to solace himself with a cup of coffee and and a slice of bacon, after his long fast of nearly twenty miles of distance which he had covered since sunrise.

Twilight was trailing its sleepy robe over mountain, gorge and sterile patches of plain, when wayworn man and beast had toiled up the steep declivity to the broad shelf upon which the little cavern opened. Black Prince, as well as his master recognized the surroundings, for he stepped forward with an eagerness wholly disproportioned to the roughness of the way. As much an animal halted at the mouth of the cavern, an opening barely sufficient to admit the passage of the powerful steed Black Prince testified his appreciation of the shelter by a low whinny of satisfaction as he laid his velvet muzzle against the Captain's cheek. At the distance of five feet the passage opened out abruptly, its rough jagged walls were dry, the arched roof bristling in sharp pointed stalactites, like huge icicles.

At the upper portion a narrow ravine sloped gradually from the shelf of barren rock above, framed by a chaos of rocks.

"A means of retreat should I be discovered," mused the Captain. I remember that Wilmina Joe told me that, and that the entrance to the gorge is securely hidden from spy by a dense growth of sage brush and dwarf oaks—however, I have no trouble ourselves for the present, my boy," addressing Black Prince, "we will have our supper and then fix things to our comfort—we'll have a splendid supper among the rocks, I reckon."

Removing the saddle and bridle Black Prince to the outlet through which they had entered, where the tender tufts of grass were springing in the crevices, and a profusion of pine needles and splinters, swept into the cave from the forest on the ridge above, he kindled a fire. Gathering a quantity of snow, he boiled his kettle.

It was a strange scene, but Gerald gave little thought to the grandeur and conformation, as he busied himself in preparations for his meal.

The coffee was soon bubbling over the light, curling blaze, the bacon was quickly roasted, and with an appetite sharpened to unusual keenness, he sat down to enjoy his frugal repast, which, with the aid of a pocket contentedly at the short grass in the narrow plateau without, as if he anticipated a hearty feast within the shadow of the fringe of pine which hid him from the valley below. The snow had melted, tiny streams of water were trickling down the slope, and plentiful supply, then returned to his foraging, and was soon busily at work by cropping the tender maple buds from the saplings.

One by one the stars flashed out in the purple expanse of cold and bright, the wind came in light puffs across the vale, the crescent of the young moon sailed up, a crystal globe, diffusing a soft, mellow light over ascent light on the plumed pines darkly shadowed, and casting weird shadows upon the face of the bluff.

Leaning his animal within the little cavern, Gerald Hethrington spread his blanket, and pillowing his head upon the animal's neck, soon fell asleep.

The profound slumber into which he fell

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was at length disturbed by strange, uncanny dreams—visions of a battlefield strewed with bleeding forms—white man and savage. He awoke with a start to find Black Prince's lips at his ear.

The animal rose as his master sprang to his feet, faced the entrance, and stood with ears pointed forward in a listening attitude peculiar to the equine race.

A faint primrose light was stealing through the opening, the first rosy pencils of coming day from the eastern sky.

A dull boom broke the silence of nature, echoing across the hills and desert plain, a second and a third,—to his practiced ear it was easy to interpret the sounds—a scattered firing in the distance, growing nearer, and presently the heavy intonation of a rifle—a winchester he knew from the rapidity of the shots.

Hastening out upon the plateau, he levelled his field-glass in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, but the white fog rising in wreaths obstructed his vision.

A long, savage cry pulsed on the still air, the warwhoop of the Ogalallas, answered by the hoarse taunting shout, and the crack of a revolver, as shot after shot rang out. Then for a period a profound silence, as if the earth had opened and swallowed the combatants in that unseen conflict.

Hastily saddling his animal, Captain Hethrington awaited developments that might guide him in his movements.

Suddenly from the mist below a horse and rider loomed up like a centaur, magnified to giant proportions by the fog-cloud from which it emerged. The rider reined back his steed upon its haunches as he came face to face with the young officer, who stood, revolver in hand.

"Halt!"

Captain Hethrington breathed, rather than spoke the word, and for answer the intruder snatched a heavy knife from his belt, a huge bowie, dimmed with blood. The next instant his hand fell.

"Good God! Hethrington, what are you doing here?"

It was the voice of a white man, but the features were horribly streaked with war-paint, great welts of blood-red and black alternating in circles, streaks and patches, giving a most hideous and ferocious aspect to the countenance, while the broad breast from which the gaudy, scalp adorned, beaded blanket had fallen back, was bleeding from a gaping furrow ploughed by knife or bullet. The great drops of blood were trickling over a white chest. Leggins and moccasins, fringed with scalps, ornamented with gayly colored quills, encased the lower limbs, and a war-bonnet, adorned by eagle feathers crowned and quite covered the head.

Gerald Hethrington fairly gasped for breath. The right wrist was encircled with a tattoo in India ink, the representation of a rattle-snake, crossing upon the outer side of the arm, the wicked head with open jaws and bristling fangs outlined upon the back of the hand. He had seen that mark many times.

"California Joe!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"What's left of him," answered the man, hoarsely. "I'm dead beat. There's been the devil to pay out yonder, beyond the big butte—you know the place—as the fellow in the play there in Omaha said, 'a few words comprehend the whole,'—a train of a dozen wagons, a pair of pack mules, ten men, three women, and two children,—a party that I was guidin' across to one of the lower settlements.

"Just at the blackest hour before daylight we were surrounded by a band o' Ogalallas—Red Cloud's gang—more'n a hundred, I reckon; we fit for our lives,—fairly drove them back three times, no use, they got the best of us—too great odds. Finally they made a rush. I've seen fights afore, but that was a leetle the toughest I was ever in. One after another they dropped eight men; two of the women, and one o' the children. The smoke was so thick that you couldn't see a hand afore ye inside the corral. The wagons, hitched tongue and rear in a circle, kept off some of the bullets. Two of the wagons were on fire, and the tallest kind of a smoke was settlin' over the corral where the dead and livin' were crouchin'.

"When I see that all was lost, that I couldn't do no more, nothin' but to save my own life, I dropped down and crawled under one o' the wagons, where I had seen a redskin keel over just outside. In a twinklin' I had made a red Injun o' myself. I had on his blanket, his toggery all through, eagles and all, and when that smoke lifted a bit I was among the yellin' devils, whoopin' with the best.

"My own animal was shiverin' and slinkin' clost to the side o' the wagons. In a minute I was on his back an' circlin' among the cusses, my foot hangin' onto the cantle, my arm grippin' the mane. I was ridin' Injun fashion, waitin' for a chance to be off.

"It warn't more'n a minute or two after one o' the poor devils inside made a break, jumped on a broncho and made off across the plain. He didn't get much the start. The red imps spied him, and a dozen started after his scalp, I among 'em. You know old Ironlegs—he kept well in the lead, I on his back. The balls was a whistlin' after the poor devil. I heared a screech—a woman's scream,—and turned my head. I couldn't stand that, and wheeled on the back track. My blanket flapped off my shoulders and the murder was out."

CHAPTER VII.

"TWO FACES."

"You are alone. What became of your companion?" asked Gerald.

"Poor Tom Conkey's lyin' out there," pointing across the vale to the plain, "upon its summit they tumbled him off his saddle, with a bullet in the back. It was all over in a minute, and his scalp hangs at a belt of an Ogalalla," answered Joe, mournfully. "Before now the sights in that corral are enough to turn a giant faint."

"How far away?" questioned Gerald.

"A matter of four miles, right on the trail to the fort. They're gettin' bolder and bolder every day?"

"How did you escape at last?"

"By the tallest kind o' ridin' and dodgin'. Them Injun bronchos is swift as the wind, and tireless as white mules, but nare a one has got the long legs and bottom of old Iron-legs here. Little by little we gained until I struck the belt o' scrub oak half a mile from here, they poppin' away with their Springfield rifles. Cuss the dod-rotted numbskulls that furnish 'em durn, my buttons! I brought down two warriors out there that I had seen afore at the agency. What was they there for? Drawing their rations as peaceable Injuns—that's what," continued Joe, in a tone of disgust. "Besides there's many a white runnygade among the hills, and it's safe to say that these raids on caravans are jobs put up by them."

"I've heard as much. Strange that a European could lend himself to such acts of murder and pillage," answered Captain Hethrington.

"It's time we was movin'," declared Joe, "I reckon the best thing we can do is to get to the fort; that's the point you was makin' for, I take it."

"Yes, I am due there already, on my return from Laramie. Besides I have an important dispatch which Crook should have at the earliest moment."

"Well, then, we'll be out o' this. Have you a glass about you?"

"Certainly; a field glass is a necessity I couldn't well dispense with," returned Hethrington.

"You remember the back door to this cuddy-hole, I reckin I told you that it opened out on a crooked way between the cliffs and takes you out kerstrut on the upper plain."

"I remember," assented Hethrington.

"Up there we can get a sweep of the whole length of the road from here to the corral, and can make up our plans accordin' to what we find out."

"Come on," said Hethrington, as he led the way within the rocky niche. Joe followed, Iron-legs bringing up the rear.

Both animals gave a low whinny of recognition, stretching their necks and rubbing their velvet noses together in greeting.

"Ha! Black Prince, old fellow, how ar' ye?" laughed Joe, as he patted the animal's neck," remember old friends, though you haven't laid eyes on 'em for nigh two year," as Black Prince laid his head affectionately against the scout's massive shoulder, "ready saddled, eh?" turning to Hethrington, "we'll be off."

Without delay the twain passed out into the ravine that sloped gradually upward, a narrow passage hedged in by bristling rocks.

Tortuously, but gradually the way sloped upward, merging into an open space, upon the upper plain, the edge skirting the vale through which they had entered the cavern, the great boulders upon its verge screening the riders from the keen vision of any savage that might remain upon the plain upon the opposite side of the valley.

"By keeping along the edge of the rocks for a goodish distance we shall come to a point where we can get a peek at the caravan, if it is left standing—see that rock away off to the right?" asked Joe, pointing to a brown boulder in the distance.

Hethrington adjusted the field glass and looked in the direction indicated by Joe's index finger.

"I see it plainly," returned the young officer.

"That's the spot we're making for," answered Joe, " 'pipestone' rock. When we get there we're right against the corral, and can look right down on it, a little to the right."

The glass was a powerful one, and Hethrington easily made out the cluster of wagons, and a mass of moving figures that he knew to be Ogalallas.

"The redskins have finished their devilish work," remarked Joe, as he peered through the glass that the Captain mechanically placed in his hand. "They'll be off shortly, no danger of their climbing the bluff. They'll scurry off across the plain in the other direction. Come."

The two dashed forward, still sheltered from view by the shelving crest, their path describing a half circle, soon covering the distance and reining up beneath the shadow of the giant boulder, a formation of red sandstone.

They could distinctly hear the shouts of the savages—some dismounted and were squatting on the ground, others were circling in wild gyrations, whooping, screeching and brandishing their knives and tomahawks while a party, five in number, were dragging the plunder from the wagons, and two, both wearing the insignia of great chiefs—the towering eagle plume, were standing near at hand, gesticulating at intervals as if issuing orders to their subordinates.

"By Judas!" suddenly exclaimed Joe, "look yonder—one of them painted, bedaubed rascals is a white man as sure as I'm California Joe. He has lifted that thatch o' feathers from his sculp, an' the mop o' tar-black hair with it!"

He thrust the glass into his companion's hand. Hethrington took a steady look through the lens.

"By Jove, I believe you are right!!" he turned, "the fellow is just resuming his head gear. Who the devil can he be?"

"A d——d scoundrel; that's who," returned Joe, "more'n likely it's the white cuss the Ogalallas call "Two Faces;" and what puts that in my mind is that I'm dead sure the real Injun with him is Brave Bear, one o' the wickedest reds that pisen the air in these parts. Ef it wouldn't bring the whole pack down on us, I'd draw a bead on the white-skinned devil. I would by the God that made me."

"They're at the whisky cask now, and will be drunker'n lords," interrupted Hethrington. "Good Heavens, man, lucky thing for me that I made bivouac in the nutshell up yonder; had I travelled by night, as I first intended, that band of redskins would have gobbled me to a certainty."

"Sure as shooting," assented Joe.

For an hour the two men watched, while the savages buried their own dead, and a detachment packed the stolen goods into uniform bundles and placed them upon the backs of the captured mules, and mounting their ponies they plied the lash after their usual custom and rode away at break-neck speed. Fifty or more took their way across the plain to the westward, while ten warriors headed by the disguised white renegade took the trail to the southeast.

"By the living Lord, I have seen that hoss afore, somewhere," muttered Joe, pointing toward the animal which the renegade bestrode, "but I can't locate him. A big gray with a peculiar gait—a pacer—a thoroughbred at that; holds his head high—no check there I'll swear."

"So have I," he declared with conviction, "and I know where. That beast was among the bronchos when the redskins made the attack on the party at Red Canon."

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UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL. CHICAGO, ILL.

It costs more to support one vice than ten virtues.

There are no rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.

A broken heart with a patch on it is ready for another break.

Love is blind during courtships—and should remain so after marriage.

When a young man wants to get rid of his best girl he should take her skating and let her slide.

No one is able to discover that a rich man is a fool until after he loses his money.

Poverty is said to be a cure for dyspepsia; but it is a desperate remedy for a distressing complaint.

Although some people are continually changing their minds, they seem unable to get a decent one.

In addition to chopping down trees President Roosevelt is occasionally sawing a little wood on the side.

Always look on the bright side of things—and if you are going to invest your coin thereon, look on both sides.

As things are going now Mr. Bryan may have a fine chance next year to run as the candidate of the conservatives.

It is said that more wrinkles are caused by laughter than by worry. Girls, remember this when you see a man do a flip-flop on an icy pavement.

Now that the Cuban reciprocity treaty has actually been rejected, who can doubt that the beet-sugar interests have withdrawn their opposition?

Now that congress has made such a neat start are there not a few more necessities of life that it could put on the free list?

John D. Rockefeller Jr., is going to build a church for his Sunday school class. Will the price of oil go up again in a few days?

Owing to queer legal complications sentences passed upon a Missouri mail robber for his various offenses amount to imprisonment for life and twenty years in addition. As it is obvious that under any other arrangement he can never serve the additional twenty years, he should insist on undergoing that part of the sentence first.

The Lady With the Sword

A Story of the Great Red Reign.

By W. R. EYSTER,

Author of "Hilt to Hilt," "The Mills of the G..ds," Etc.

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Begun in No. 4, Jan. 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOURNEY OF DE LAUNAY.

Released as she was from the immediate danger, Marie de Longueve knew well enough that it had not altogether passed. She liked not the surveillance of Bristolet's agent but little less than the attention of the people, and soon found, or fancied she had found, that the one safe course for her was to go forward.

It must be confessed that such surroundings, since she kept her courage, could not help but act on the fighting blood of the De Longueves. To her the cause for which the rabble fought was a mystery, and the forces of hunger and oppression that Bristolet in her own person she had tested and tasted of by terrible tongue of fire and sword, at that moment, when the cannon roared, the guns rattled, and the populace thronged, she imagined she was with them and of them.

Who Queen Lilli might be she knew not; but it were a name that could win respect in such a moment, at such a hurry for the nonce to use it. Surely, she could have done no harm to the Queen, Lilli was an actress, but not more finished than she.

As a result, the Queen Leader, when, by some singular oversight or confidence of the guards, had even been taken from her side. That in hand, she went forward.

Strange as it may seem at once she had her followers.

Some there were who had heard all that Bristolet and the rest had said, who believed they recognized her. These pushed her to the front.

Women were in evidence everywhere, but there were plenty of men who were willing to follow the lead of the beautiful woman who wore the garb of a man. These, too, cheered her on. A moment, at it were, she had a following who would have fought for her to the death, and who cheered to the echo the few ringing words she spoke as she placed herself at their head. "Ne Captain Eugene Bristolet himself was now safer from this side the walls.

The further she went the stronger the foundation. She was un to Huhlin when Bristolet made his dash, and that was really a magnificent action.

When the bridge fell her followers would have pushed her on, and on, but she swung her rather around to bar the movement.

"Wait, wait!" she cried, and pointed at the white flag, sight of which her keen eye caught almost first of all.

"They surrender; they surrender!"

The instant to her echoed the cry, which was taken up again by voice after voice, as people further off knew it and understood. Back the joyful announcement rolled; and it seemed as though the whole city was answering.

It was only a little later than a hand holding a paper was thrust through the grating of the portcullis. The terms of the capitulation were being offered. To reach them a man crossed the ditch on a plank hastily thrown over, and, entering the gate and back over the narrow way bore the paper to Huhlin.

Whether De Launay ever agreed to the conditions makes no difference. Huhlin and Herle did. They, the recognized leaders of the attack, accepted the surrender on the conditions named, and on their part it was in faith.

If those conditions were not kept it was no fault of those two. What man could do they afterward did. At the moment the surrender they never doubted their own power, or that it was sufficient to control the people.

It seems certain that De Launay of his own accord would not have surrendered if it was more chance that he was prevented from blowing up the magazine rather than it should go into the hands of the brigands. But whether his hand signed the document or not, the place was surrendered; and with that surrender the lives of the garrison were bargained for and sold.

Man proposes—but there are other men. Fate also always has a say of her own in such mighty affairs.

The keener knowledge was let down for the leaders and their immediate followers to enter, the intention being that the greater crowd should not be admitted.

Vain intention!

A little later the hand which had held back De Launay in his attempt to blow up the castle was hurled off because it refused to lower the greater bridge for that very rabble Huhlin himself was most anxious to hold back.

The multitude, however, found their own way in. After that, all hope of order or honor was as good as lost. The place was overrun; the prisoners, some half dozen in all, were turned loose; and after being saved only by the strenuous efforts of the commander, backed by the sabres of a few like Brinvilles, De Launay started on his journey to be turned over to "the committee" at the Hotel De Vielle.

Had not Huhlin gone along the life of the Marquis would not have been worth a moment's purchase.

Sickened with what she had lately seen, yet moved with pity for the fallen man, Marie joined the procession.

Behind her were corpses of weaponless and surrendered men, slain by a mob which, even for such inconsequents as they, could have no mercy. That hope was there that they would not launch as remorselessly at the higher game, from which but a sword here and a pistol there held them back?

How attack after attack was made and beaten off needs not to be here detailed. It was at the Arriade St. Jean that the mob charged for the last time—and it was successful. Huhlin was down, and nigh to killed. Bristolet had been wise enough to keep out of the mêlé. Marie was forced back. The few other guards who were making the defense with honest purpose found the assault too much for them. Spite of pledges and defiance to the edge of destruction, the protectors of the Marquis had to give him up.

Over the prostrate governor stood a man with a dull and rusty sword. When that refused to do the work a pocketknife was called into requisition, and the gory head of the last keeper of the Bastile was hugged off by an ignoble butcher.

Thus it was that there came to the electors at one and the same time, Herle with the letter of capitulation, which guaranteed protection; and the mob, with the head of the man who was to be protected, mounted on a pike.

What of that? Three heads mounted on others were to be borne by Bastilettes a little later; and for years the deluge of blood was not to cease.

The murder of De Launay went on right under the eyes of Marie de Longueve. What could she do?

Nothing, perhaps; but at least she could try.

"Hold!" she cried, striving to make her

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BOYCE'S WEEKLY, unlike any other labor paper or magazine now published, is free from entangling alliances. It is not the organ of any faction, local or national. It is the exponent of the principles of organized labor, not of any labor leader or set of leaders. It is the "friend" to the labor movement.

BOYCE'S WEEKLY inaugurated a policy which we want everybody to distinctly understand. No matter what the cause advocated in our editorial columns, if anybody wants to urge the other side and is capable of making a good argument, he shall have people's ear with us, and a prominent display. There are few questions which confront the LABOR MOVEMENT on which there are not two sides, and our motto will ever be: HEAR THEM ALL.

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way back to the side of the fallen man. "He hath safeguard. Touch him at your peril. De Pischelieu will take terrible vengeance."

Her voice rang above even the roaring of the crowd, and, rapier in hand, she threw herself forward.

Better, perhaps, if she had tried to come silently, especially so if she had not uttered the name of the marshall. Just then it was not welcome to Parisian ears. An hour later there was to be no such man.

At her turned three or four ferocious-visaged men, like to hunt.

"Ha, ha! a bloody aristocrat! Down with him!" screamed one, whilst a second, without out waiting for a warning, savagely thrust straight for her heart.

Nothing but superb nerve and skill saved her then. The point was as unexpected as it was foul, and no guard was at hand. Yet, with a quick parry in carte, a twists of the body to the right, and the fellow's point went without scathe between heart and arm, so near was the fatal coup.

The man stumbled forward from the force of his own blow, and in return the rushed at her, darting at her like a venomous snake. It hit hard just at the joint of the right shoulder and down he went, howling.

At the same moment, however, a cudgel caught Marie on the head nearly bringing her to her knees, whilst three pikemen, all together, assaulted her.

Dazed, seeing but little and that dimly, she parried the first thrust by instinct. Now this was not that her sword swept, turning aside strokes which were meant to kill, but as well, as her left hand her left arm. It would have gone hard with her had not help come.

A soiled, grimy, bespattered and betattered individual sprang in, a hanger in his hand.

He gave no warning, either, but went to his work with an interest of a fencing master, the skill of a master, cutting and slashing, getting out of the way of a rush, and before he could know that he was attacked.

The man was swift, too, and with all the advantages on the one side. Before the crowd, which was all intent upon the slaughter of De Launay, realized what was going on, the last pikeman had stumbled away, his left hand over his face, and with the blood from a ghastly wound upon his forehead pouring down upon his coat.

Sweeping Marie up on his left arm, the dauntless stranger made no effort made his way out of the throng.

"Quick now," he whispered, placing her again on the ground. "The scorer the house of Jean Picard receives thee, and the servants. Be sorted to them, and do not donned the clothing which belongs to thee, the better to rid of us."

Together they walked off rapidly, the girl wondering at the answer The Hotel Petin was not far away, and just now silence was the thing.

Having safely reached the door, the man would have turned away, but Marie stopped him.

"Stay! Thou art no prowler of the barriers, and thou would bespeak my name, but a gentleman born and bred, with a courage that equals his skill. Of such an one I may have need. Give me thy name that I may know whom to thank; and have one, at least, upon whom I dare call if it so be I need assistance in a certain honorable matter. In Paris, save Jean Picard, I have no friend of such kind as I think of, and Jean Picard is almost always away when I have need. Thy name, pray?"

"Villeneuf, at your service, Villeneuf, since thou wilt have it. Now and ever, night or day, I am thy service. Picard knows me. For this time."

He waved his hand gracefully and was off.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY OF A VOW.

The day had ended in rioting, the evening was given to riot and blood; the night to revel. The morning was, to some, calmer reflection; to others, regret; to many, jubilation.

Bristolet had emerged from the affair at the Bastile altogether unharmed, and with some reputation.

In one way he could have spared the latter. For some time he had been carrying water on each shoulder. Whilst mingling with the "aristocrats" he had also colleagued with the "sans culottes," on the principle that whether heads or tails came up he must be the winner.

He had rather enjoyed the game, and had thought it might last indefinitely.

Unfortunately, Marie de Longueve had made him pause. He had thrown off the mask which concealed the one side of him, and henceforth might have to appear with the face which the action had disclosed.

In the turmoil of the procession which set out from the Bastile he had lost sight of Marie, eventually, for the time at least, she was driven from his thoughts. Along with Huilh, he came to the Hotel de Vielle, and was thinking of other things than the beautiful woman who carried a sword, and with whom, if she had her will, he would be some day compelled to settle accounts.

When the crowd had streamed away from the Hotel, to take up its line of procession, two silent beings bore their ghastly burdens, to which a third head was soon to be added, his right hand back to the woman, whom, as a matter of fact, he had twice saved. He made inquiries here, and asked questions there.

For a time he learned nothing. Later on, he was startled by the weight of a heavy hand falling on his shoulder.

When he turned he did not at once recognize the ruffianly-looking fellow who stood watching him, a grin on his grimy features.

"How now? What is it that you want? What are you doing here?"

He thought the man one of the rabble, but one whom he ought to recognize.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur, but my gun; it is lost—snatched away, perhaps destroyed. Canst get me another? I have nothing but this, and, pish! 'Tis a child's weapon."

As he spoke the man flourished a short sword, bright enough, but poor weapon against pike or bayonet. Yet, Bristolet was in the dark no longer, having caught the true ring of the voice.

"Villeneuf, you scoundrel!" he exclaimed, nevertheless speaking in a tone that might be mistaken for one of warm pleasure.

"I made sure it was a gentleman of the barriers. This has been a dreadful day."

"Aye; but only the shadow of more dreadful ones still to come. The enemy has been allowed to taste blood; he never will lie down again until he has been gorged."

"Put on it; speak no more of myself have the thought that France will be apt to go so far. Least some unthinking of old lady of the carriage? When last I had sight of her she was making merry with the mob, with whom she had managed to get on the right side. Where is she carried away. I would be sure she has come to no harm."

"If that is all there is to disturb thy slumber, rest well and have pleasant dreams. The last I had of her since I left her, safe but weary, at the door of Jean Picard. But she was in the thick of it. Ciel! She is more than a woman!"

"She is a devil, though one I would well like to have the taming of."

"No wonder, if she be not tamed in some way, you and I will be the sufferers in the long run, together with some few others of conspicuous. We are in the same boat, and who sooner or later will have cause to question whether the loss of a little of wealth and mummery, and the sight of a pretty bit of sword play, were worth the life of Armand de Longueve."

"You are right."

"That she will kill the entire thirteen if no miracle intervenes. Couldst have left her to her fate, and be sure that she bears a charmed life. L'Orme was one of our best, yet she ran him through in the second; and four other times have I seen her in positive peril, which, without my aid, must never would have escaped."

"Thou hast been there, then, and mayhap salvation will come, after all."

"Would that I could, but forewot I had little enough to do with the slaughter and blood which followed the death of the Marquis. Yet, as I would even advised against it. Yes, as I would have no hand in murder, but, rather, so shall I see to it that she has fair play now. The right is with her, and, though she be the immortals, she shall not be balked."

"Mutter not so, or thou wilt get us all the advantages on the one side. Before the crowd, which was all intent upon the slaughter of De Launay, rushed what was going on, the last pikeman had stumbled away, his left hand over his face, and with the blood from a ghastly wound upon his forehead pouring down upon his coat.

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Whistler Was Hard Up.

I have just heard what I think is a new story about Whistler, the artist. He has many eccentricities other than that of making enemies. One of them is spending much more than he seems, which is very large. Sometimes he spends so much more that his pecuniary straits are dire. Not long ago his friends, or his family, or some one, were very much disquisted with the modest manner in which he lived. So they got together and bought him a beautiful house, which they furnished sumptuously. Whistler was obliged to stay in town during the summer and autumn and lived alone in this splendid house. All the folk who had assisted in its purchase, however, went away.

When they returned Whistler had vanished on one of his periodical absences. On entering the house they found the dining room entirely bare. But on the floor and walls were drawn diagrams in chalk. That in the center of the floor was labeled:

"See here! When I bought this dog of you, you told me he was a fine dog for rats. Now I can't catch him to touch a rat."
"Well, ain't that fine for the rats?"

"This is a dining table."

Surrounding it were a number of small squares, each one marked: "This is a chair."

Another square contained the chalk legend:

"This is a sideboard."

And there were other writings of a similar character.

FED THE DOCTOR.

How He Made Use of Food.

Sometimes it is the doctor himself who finds it wise to quit the medicines and cure himself by food.

"In looking around for a concentrated palatable prepared food I got hold of Grape-Nuts and immediately began using it four times a day, exclusively for breakfast with milk; for luncheon and dinner dessert, and a cup on retiring," says a physician of Mt. Zion, Ill.

"I had had nervous dyspepsia for over a year. My normal weight is 160 pounds but I had been steadily losing flesh until a month ago I only weighed 121 pounds. I concluded it was time to throw physic to the doors in some cases. Twenty-four hours after starting the Grape-Nuts regime the faintness and distress after eating had ceased. The heartburn, waterbrash, palpitation of the heart and other symptoms that had rendered me for over a year that I had a stomach, soon disappeared and I could then eat a square meal and feel good afterwards.

"I weighed yesterday and was surprised to find that I had gained 15 pounds in a month, and the end is not yet.

"The nervous symptoms have entirely disappeared and I am stronger than I have been for two years. I thank you for placing Grape-Nuts at the disposal of those suffering with nervous dyspepsia." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

As Equal Claim.

Mr. Babbit—That man over there is quite a swell. His grandfather's bust is in the Hall of Fame.

Mr. Bourg—I don't see anything so great about that. My uncle's skeleton is in the museum of natural history.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Just Like a Man.

Jess—So their engagement is broken off?

Jess—Yes; they quarreled, and she was in the wrong.

Tess—And she wouldn't admit it?

Jess—No; that was the whole trouble. She did admit it, and after that he simply became unbearable.

Cold Mine Shares Free.

A prominent Denver publisher has hit upon a plan to introduce his big mining paper. He started finally and mining paper, founded 1895, by giving to each new subscriber a block of shares in a rich gold mine. Read his new offer carefully and send quickly for free shares.

To each person sending fifty cents cash or stamps for a six months trial of the paper the block of free shares will be sent by return mail absolutely free together with a prospectus fully describing the mines—also the paper for six months. Clubs of three or more with shares, 50c each. This is a rare chance. Send today. Mention this paper and address, *Western Weekly*, Denver, Colorado.

Not Qualified to Judge.

"A Wisconsin judge has decided that Sunday shaves are unnecessary."

"Humph!" says pretty Marion. "What does he know about it? He never had his face scratched all up with a day's growth of beard.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier) says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

Due to a Bad Language.

"It is a queer language," said a bewildered Frenchman. "A horse falls into ze ridware and ze owner fails out with ze contractire. Ze house, it goes up in smoke and ze firm goes under from ze fire, while ze goods go down in account of ze smoke and ze waitaire when ze fire goes out.

"A man, he sup a bill at ze shoop, ze bookkeepaire runs up ze column of figures on ze ledgaire, ze husband runs from ze collectaire, ze shopkeepaire runs over to ze court and ze attachment runs about a month and sen it runs out.

"Ze gamblaire sees ze poor foreigner, ze foreigner he see gamblaires bet and raises it; zen he sees a flush royale, and sen se police enter ze whole business. Ze gamblaire sees ze wardman, and ze foreigner sees his money no more. It is a strange language you have in se great country of America."

Satisfactory.

"How do you find the beefsteak?" asked the landlady of the new boarder.

"It is the most satisfactory steak I have tackled for many months," replied the party addressed.

"I am delighted to hear you say so," said the landlady, with a full-grown smile. "Most of them make complaint of its toughness."

"That is what I like about it," replied the new boarder. "I am the bow-legged man at the dime museum, you know, and it gives me in first-class condition by furnishing just the exercise I require."

Ten Weeks for Ten Cents.

Strangers as well as neighbors, that big family paper, the *Rocky Mountain Weekly*, of Denver, Colorado, is offered 10 weeks for 10c. Regular price for 52 issues, \$1 per year. Special offer solely to introduce the paper. Large printing house and illustrations of grand scenery each week, also true stories of love and adventure. A 2 cent to short-hand services. Address, Denver, Colorado.

Grand Larceny.

He stole a kiss. "Now, that," cried she, "I'll have you understand, Is really petit larceny."

"It's not," said he. "It's grand."

Gratitude and Business.

"Young man," exclaimed the overjoyed father, "you have saved my daughter's life. How shall I find words to thank you?"

Dripping with water, the hero through whose exertions the maiden had been saved from drowning opened his valise and took out a small volume.

"Here," he replied. "Right here in this little book, 'The People's Pocket Lexicon, or Every Man His Own Dictionary,' for which I am the exclusive agent in this country. Price only 25 cents."

Philosophic Maunderings.

What a fool is man to think in his conceit that he is not a fool!

It requires years of inexperience to ripen man's receptive faculties for solid truth.

The human brain is a piece of machinery that requires oiling the instant it squeaks.

We have a lot of respect for the girl who can play the piano well and cook a steak better.

Kindly Condescension.

"The janitor of our flat is a most delightful man. We asked him the other day to take tea with us, and what do you suppose he said?"

"I don't know. What?"

"He said he would."

"And did he?"

"Oh, n-no, I rather think not. But he was so pleasant about it when we asked him."

Catarrh Can Be Cured.

Catarrh is a hundred silement of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is only a remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was known only to the late Dr. Sanford, a widely noted southern physician, who made the throat and lungs. Having tested it in many thousands of cases, even to the most severe, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and kindred diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Her Ambition.

"I will go to the ends of the earth with you," said the romantic young man.

"Oh, I'm no explorer," retorted the beautiful young girl. "I'd rather you'd go as far as a little suburban cottage with me."

In After Years.

Wife—You once said I was the only woman in the world.

Husband—Yes; and I ought to have been sent to an insane asylum before it was everlastingly too late.

Two Points of View.

"You can never tell what will turn up in politics," observed the ward-heeler.

"Yes; and that isn't the worst of it," rejoined the ex-candidate. "You can never tell who will be turned down."

She—You ought to be a good mountain climber.
He—Why?
She—You are so used to bluffs.

He Asked A-miss.

"What's the trouble, my boy?" queried the minister of a young member of his flock. "You look sad."

"And I feel sad," replied the young man. "I asked Miss Silverton to be my wife and she declined the honor."

"That's too bad," said the parson. "But it's in accord with the scriptures, which says, 'Ye asked and received not, because ye asked amiss.'"

"Well, what would you advise me to do?" queried the youth.

"Next time ask a widow," replied the good man with a suspicious twinkle in his eye.

An Unpleasant Thought.

"Our honeymoon has been perfect, hasn't it, dear?"

"Yes, Clarence."

"And you have no nothing to regret?"

"Not exactly, dear. Only I was just thinking that it wouldn't be a novelty next time."

Practical Economy.

Freddy—What does a reformer do when he gets into our dad?

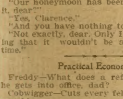
Cobwigger—Cuts every fellow's salary except his own.

No Time to Spare.

"Ever been ter a hoss show, Bi'er Williams?"

"No, bless God, hit takes all my time tryin' ter keep on de blind side er de mule!"

AGENTS WANTED



STEM WIND AND SET. WATCH FREE

Ladies' Men's Girls' Boys'

Here is an honest or deceptive offer? Well, we don't know the public at a loss as to which it is, any advertisement and then send you a solid gold watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed 20 years, a magnificent LADIES', GIRLS', MAN OR BOY'S WATCH, all to be handsomely and guaranteed good time keepers, and we positively mean just what we say. Send your name and address and we will send you the watches prepaid. You sell them and send us the $3.25, and we will send the watch, ring, pin or locket to you at once.

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ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 61, Chicago

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LOTS OF MAIL FREE

Publisher wants to see Kitchen Directory which goes to 1,000,000 readers. Will send you free Samples of Ladies Home Monthlies, Home Needs, Needles, etc., if you send 10c. for postage, packing, etc. Send at once, as this offer may be withdrawn. Address, Publisher, 1000 Home Directory, Fifth Avenue Building, New York.

Agents Wanted

No experience or capital necessary. We explain everything to you and if you mean business you can make $10 a week. You are sure of a better income working for yourself than for others. Permanent employment established and you make big profits. Sole Ruler or Premium $5.00 up. Express prepaid. Everybody says "best line I ever handled." Valuable pocket outfit for 2 cent stamp. Write today. Grasp this opportunity now.

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Dept. A, S.-E. cor. Market & Quincy Sts., Chicago, Ill.

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GET BIG MAIL

Like to get your name in the papers? If so, send this advertisement very carefully. We want to know that address right. We have 5 houses, 6 directories and publishers buy names and addresses of us. Our Directory lists are accurate as careful, painstaking work can make them. Our subscription agent's Directory list is not equaled by any. Our publication agent's Directory list is not equaled by any. Our business directory list is not equaled by any. Our miscellaneously arranged and alphabetical order. We send these Directory lists to newspaper publishers, who use them for mail purposes and advertising. We use the cost of arranging these names in carefully selected and tabulated lists. Our prices are low. Our terms are cash. Our guarantee is to please you. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake. In case we find any errors in names and addresses after they are printed, we will have them corrected free of charge. Remember, we do not claim to have a list of names of all persons in the United States, but we do claim to have a list of names of more persons than any other publication. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake. In case we find any errors in names and addresses after they are printed, we will have them corrected free of charge. Remember, we do not claim to have a list of names of all persons in the United States, but we do claim to have a list of names of more persons than any other publication. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake. In case we find any errors in names and addresses after they are printed, we will have them corrected free of charge. Remember, we do not claim to have a list of names of all persons in the United States, but we do claim to have a list of names of more persons than any other publication. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake. In case we find any errors in names and addresses after they are printed, we will have them corrected free of charge. Remember, we do not claim to have a list of names of all persons in the United States, but we do claim to have a list of names of more persons than any other publication.

DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Out of Their Element.

"Pretty tiresome, isn't it?" remarked the first man at a reception.

"It is so," replied the other.

"I'd sneak out if I could, but my wife would get mad. She's a friend of the hostess."

"I'd sneak out, too, but my wife would be furious. She's the hostess."

Really Unkind.

Softleigh—Yaws, foh two whole days I was—was alone on the boundless prairie—alone with me thoughts, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Poor fellow. How you must have suffered from ennui.

Wildly Improbable.

Publisher—No, madam, your novel won't do. The plot is too absurdly improbable.

Authoress—Improbable? It is a story of everyday life in a college town.

Publisher—Look at this. The hero is a college man who plays football. Within a week after a game he meets the heroine and proposes to her—proposes to her on his knees.

Authoress—Well?

Publisher—Well, who ever heard of a football player able to bend his knees within a week after a game.

Positively Brutal.

"Let me see," mused the young wife, as she picked up the cook book. "I have mixed the batter for the angel cake—now what do I do next?"

"Telephone for the doctor," answered the heartless husband who happened along in time to overhear her musings.

A Fatal Case.

"All is at an end between us," said the haughty maid with the lemontinted hair. "My love for you is dead."

"Another case of heart failure, eh?" queried the young man in the case.

His Observation.

"We'll return home tomorrow, Henry," said Mrs. Empeck. "The climate here does not agree with me."

"The nerve of it," ejaculated Henry, without daring to look up from his paper.

Naturally.

"She says that he is a man after her own heart."

"Then I suppose he will get it."

Mrs. Uplaight—My husband promised to be home at 10, sharp.
Mr. Newitt—But he wasn't.
Mrs. Uplaight—Not quite. He got home at 2, dull.

Quid Pro Quo.

Mistress—You don't appear to have as much affection for the children as you might have.

Nurse Girl—No? Well, I was just thinking I don't appear to have as much wages as I might have, mum.

Time to Object.

"It has been proposed in the French Chamber of Deputies to abolish all titles in France."

"I strikee me we ought to make a naval demonstration. There is good American money invested in those titles."

The Animus.

Miss Jilt—I'm sorry. No doubt you'll find some other girl who'll make you forget me.

Mr. Kloseman—Oh, but I can never forget you.

Miss Jilt—Nonsense! You did it last Christmas without any trouble.

How Cruel.

Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? They all say so.

Frankie—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes-prop look graceful.

Money Saved, But—

Algy (counting the cost)—Do you—er—always take a chaperon along when you go to the theater?

Miss De Pink—My, no! never, unless I go with a man. Two seats will be plenty.

Not Wasted.

"My son, I am afraid you are wasting your opportunities."

"Not a bit of it. Somebody's got 'em that can use 'em better."

His Queen.

Her Father—Young man, what is your object in life?

The Suitor—To become your daughter's subject.

AGENTS WANTED

COSTS YOU NOTHING

YOU CAN GET Solid Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, Stem Wind and Stem set WATCH, together with a handsome Chain, also a beautiful Ring, absolutely free, to any one sending us a club of 10 names and addresses, at 10c. each, for setting our remedy. Our watches are elegantly engraved, equal in appearance to a $25 watch and guaranteed for years. Our 60-day proposition stands if apart from the above. Prompness is what counts. Send your name and address at once. Premium is found below. Send no money, all will be sent when you are satisfied and we will send you a handsome Watch-Chain and Charm, also a beautiful Gold Plated Fountain Pen. This is the greatest offer ever made for selling only 10 10 cents. Address GOLDEN REMEDY CO., Dept. E 93, Jersey City, N. J.

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LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Particulars for stamp. Kay Mirror, Dept. 10, Auburn, Ill.

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$22 A WEEK, and all expenses to men with rig to introduce our well-known goods. Bonner Medical Co., Dept. 10, IMPERIAL BUILDING, CHICAGO.

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AGENTS—IF THIS AD CATCHES THE EYE of a live, ambitious person who wants to make money, we have a proposition for you. ROCKFORD MANUFACTURING, Rockford, Ill.

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Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; good wages and steady employment to right parties. Must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association in Chicago and Kansas City. Address, with full particulars, The Veterinary Remedy Co., Lincoln, Canada

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FREE TO LADIES We pay the freight. To every lady who takes orders for 50 cans of our Baking Powder, etc., (we cost Free No. 27) (price) free to each customer a beautiful Gold & Pearl Decorated China Fruit Set of 44 pieces, we give this handsome upholstered Rocker, Couch, Parlor Suite, Sideboard, Dining Table, Dining Chairs, Folding Bed, Range, Heater, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Pillows or Pillows. No money required in advance. Send your name & address & we will send you our order book & plan. Or, we will send you this Couch, Baking Powder, etc., & allow you time to deliver goods & collect the money before paying us one cent. Write to-day. Don't delay. If you think it will work, it will work. KING MFG. CO., 240 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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THE HEART'S DESIRE.

God made her body out of foam and flowers,
And for her hair the dawn and midnight threw
Their colors;
Then called two planets from the heavenly towers
And in her face, divinely eloquent,
Gave them a firmament.

God made her heart a rosy ice and fire,
Of snow and flame that freeze while it burns;
And of a star-beam and a moth's desire
He shaped her soul, forward which lay long-ing turns
And all my dreaming yearns.

So in my life's prisoner unto passion,
Enslaved of her who gives nor sign, nor word;
So in the lowery cage her sweet looks fashion
Is love enlightened, like some golden bird
That sings, but is not heard.

Could it but once convince her with beseech-ing
But once compel her as the sun the south!
Could it but once, fond heart, wind around her touching,
Upon the red carnation of her mouth
Pour its eternal breath!

Then might I rise victorious over sadness,
Over fate and darkness, and with but little
Torches by the glory of that moment's glad-ness
Search the black mountain of my life's despair,
And die, or do and dare.

—Smart Set.

MRS. PEPPERTON'S GHOST

BY SOPHIA LANGDON.

"Believe in ghosts? I hope I am not such a fool as that," said Mr. Pepperton, scornfully, and he looked with an air of supreme contempt at his questioner. "When I can put my hand upon a sensible sort of fellow who has seen one in broad daylight, when he was wideawake, and quite sober, then I'll give the matter my attention, but until then I shall keep in my conviction that they were never such things, and it's only asses who believe in the haunting of the sort."

"Thank you, Mr. Pepperton," returned the young farmer, laughing, "that's nothing to believing, and if I didn't see my mother three days after she was buried my name isn't Timothy Lane."

"Pshaw" exclaimed Mr. Pepperton, "when people are nervous and out of sorts they can fancy anything."

"Only it's odd I never fancied anything of the sort before or since, Mr. Pepperton."

"No; it isn't odd," replied the other, pragmatically. "Those things depend upon a person's state of mind, and you were naturally excited and upset at such a time. You had been thinking of Mrs. Lane all day, and therefore it was quite natural that you saw her at night—"

"It wasn't at night at all; it was in the afternoon. I was going down the path in front of our house, when I saw her standing at the gate, just as plain as I see you now. As I drew near she gave me and earnest look, and then faded out, and though she has never come since visibly, I often think she is nearer me than I know."

Mr. Pepperton started, and glanced round the barroom of the village inn with an uneasy air.

"I don't believe anything of the sort," he said, sharply. "It's all humbug. Besides, it stands to reason that it wouldn't always be convenient for dead people to come back on their haunts. The first Mrs. Pepperton, for instance, wouldn't just care to see me and else in her place, and, of course, if she came back she would have to—"

"Unless she gave you notice of her visits beforehand and you had the pleasure of Mrs. Pepperton in the cupboard," observed the landlord, knowingly.

Mr. Pepperton laughed, too, but not exactly as if he enjoyed the joke. It was all very well just now, but he had a feeling that it wouldn't be so pleasant to look back upon an hour later, when he was wending his way home through the church yard by himself.

And then, if there were ghosts, by any chance, they might be very much inclined to take revenge on him for his skepticism, and convince him against his will, so that, altogether, he thought he would rather not join in any unseemly jests. But as it would not have done to appear in earnest, after having so loudly asserted his disbelief, Mr. Pepperton effected a compromise by remarking:

"There's a great many mysterious things in this world we are not expected to inquire into, and what you don't understand it is best not to talk about, is my opinion, and I'll have one more glass of tod, Mr. Hobday, if you please, and then I'll be off myself. I promised Mrs. Pepperton I'd be home in good time to-night, as she isn't well."

Mr. Pepperton's soon companions exchanged glances; it was such a curious thing for him to show any consideration of this sort toward Mrs. Pepperton that they could hardly believe their ears. However, nobody ventured to make any remark on the fact, and as it was not understood that he disliked talking of ghosts, and the question had a peculiar fascination for every one then present, each one had a tale to tell of something that he had seen, or some grandmother or aunt or his wife's cousin, until, if you only took half that you had heard, there seemed overwhelming evidence in favor of Timothy Lane's story, and Mr. Pepperton was in a shuddering mood.

And yet for the life of him he could not help listening. If he pretended to have expressed a doubt it would have been a great relief to him, but of course, this would have been a gross insult to his narrators as discrediting their relationships veracity, and consequently Mr. Pepperton had to deny himself this comfort.

"Come, come," he said, nervously, at last, "this is too bad. A man comes out to be cheerful, you know, besides, you frightened me in the village, and won't have time to get up any fancies going home."

"But, as you don't believe in ghosts it doesn't matter," said Timothy Lane; "I do, though, and I am glad I haven't got your walk tonight, for the churchyard is an uncommonly lonely place to walk through after dark."

"There's no more the matter with that than with other places," he answered, with confidence he did not feel: "it's just the idea. But I'm thankful to say I am not superstitious like you, Timothy."

He drank off his last drop of tod and rose to his feet, adding, just to reassure himself:

"Besides, I've been through it often enough without seeing anything, and I can't see that there's any difference between to-night and other nights."

"None whatever," replied Timothy Lane, with a significant glance at one of his companions, as if to draw attention to Mr. Pepperton's discourse; "you don't have there be?"

"That's just what I say—why should there be? Still, I can't say but what it is more cheerfuller to be a companion than dark nights."

"Of course it's more cheerfuller to have a companion," returned Timothy, "not only dark nights, but at all times. I am sociable myself, and enjoy company, and eat and meat. It's a pity you don't live in the village, Mr. Pepperton, you'd have lots of plenty of company."

"So I should, dare say, and very little money," answered Mr. Pepperton, laughing, as he drew on his overcoat, and set his face determinedly toward the door.

"You don't mean we should rob you going home, do you?" inquired Timothy, who seemed vastly amused about something.

"Well, not exactly—you'd take by my time, I expect, and time's money. Whew! what a dark night!" he added, as he opened the door and looked down the village street. "I don't believe I shall be able to see my way."

"Your eyes will get accustomed to the darkness after you've been out a few minutes," observed the landlord, encouragingly; "it's nothing to be nervous about to-night, and a pleasant walk."

The wind whistled eerily in the treetops, and there was not even a light in the directory windows to give a feeling of company.

But he could see his way perfectly now. He stepped short, shuddering. It had suddenly occurred to him that it was the anniversary of the first Mrs. Pepperton's death, and he was presently passing by under the grave.

If she were disposed to "walk," as it was called in the village, what an opportunity. Never had she a greater regret than the first Mrs. Pepperton, and, from some points of view, she was far superior to the second, but, under the circumstances, he had no wish to see her again, and devoutly hoped that it would be a long time ere she "walk," to think better of it.

All the horrors of the village struck clever, driving the blood to his heart, and making him shudder in the cold night air. He remembered again that this was the very night that Mrs. Pepperton had left this sorrowful world for a better, and he had even been to knock together with fright.

"Come, Jonah, come, now," he said to himself at last, in a disparaging tone. "I never was a coward in my life, and am I going to be one for a miserable coward, and don't let me hear you speak of such things again, I beg of you."

He was searching for a threat that would impose on himself when he turned round to his companion and came full in sight of his first wife's grave. He recoiled to his own mind that he would pass on, and not look that way, but the magnetic attraction drew his glance in that quarter, and there, standing out clear and white on the stone, was a pale-white figure, with awful eyes fixed upon him with stony intentness, and seemed to defy him to advance.

Mr. Pepperton stood like one stunned for a minute, and then he dropped on his knees, and groaned, hoarsely, through his chattering teeth:

"Forgive Mary. I am sure you mean this kindly, you were a good wife and kind hearted woman when you were alive. But I can't hear to see you there, and I am grieved if I have hurt your feelings by giving you a second wife. I am no saint as a man, I never cared for poor Mary, though I respected you; and you know I planted some flowers on your grave my own self last summer, which shows that you must be sensible to my feelings. Oh, poor nerves can't stand this sort of thing. And if you are there, I pray you to stand the sooner I am stretched beside you the better, for I cannot bear to see you so fierce."

A hollow groan answered to his cry.

Pepperton rose on, frantically:

"Pray don't take such presentations in this spirit—I mean, don't be angry about it. Mary, you were always kind, and I have any reference to spirits in such company might be considered profane, and I don't mean any harm, and, of course, I should be delighted to do you again in any way if it weren't for my nervous system so upset. Is there anything I could do to make you rest more quiet? Don't hesitate to speak. Even if it took all my savings to make you lie comfortable, I wouldn't hesitate. Marie—I wouldn't, indeed."

Another groan, a little fainter, but still more harrowing, was the only response, and poor Pepperton felt as if his brain were giving way. Seen from that distance the ghost was terrible enough, and quite as much as his reason could stand, but when she began to raise herself slowly from the ground, still keeping her pale, dim eyes fixed upon him, and showed a disposition to advance, the horror of the situation generally, and the fear lest she should take him into her cold embrace and claim him for her own, overcame him utterly, and he fell on his face in a dead swoon.

When he returned to consciousness, Timothy Lane and another young man were leaning over him, and poor Pepperton said, with a gasp, as he pulled himself together:

"I've had such a terrible experience—a fearful one expected, Timothy. The first Mrs. Pepperton—eh, hulle!" as he showed a disposition to collapse again, as he pointed toward the churchyard. "And now, I'm off out amiss—if he should be a neighbor with his class, or if his father should fall, or if some other misfortune can befall him—and will be well." I was indignant with what I called the cynicism of his speech, but thought it the affectation of the new philosopher who felt that he must say something out of the way of common conversation. But I learned afterwards, what he had learned then, that "good is a good master, but bad is a better. And I do not doubt that the tremor which seemed cynical was most affectionate.

What the Flag Was For.

The following anecdote about King Edward will be of most interest now:

When Prince of Wales, he was traveling in the highlands of Scotland on a shooting day and was very anxious that his identity should not be known. He therefore, therefore, on coming to a little township to find an enormous flag flying on the little schoolhouse. Feeling certain that they must have got wind of his arrival, he nevertheless sent an attendant to inquire if he made guarded inquiries.

A little later this gentleman returned with the cheering news that the lady in the schoolhouse was spring cleaning and after washing the flag had merely hung it up to dry.

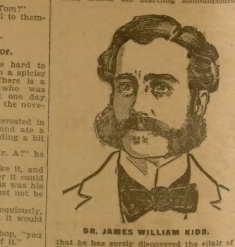
Sick Made Well Weak Made Strong.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed — The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy Is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, Prof. [redacted] as following modern experiments with realms of the unknown, has discovered Dr. Kidd, 18 Baltes Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. He calls it Kidd's Elixir, with the mysterious compound, known only to himself and a few friends, a remedy which he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, and which will cure every disease that is known to the human body. There is no form of the doctor's ailment or sickness in making his claim and the remarkable statement that he will cure anyone or to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he claims is the key to health and is based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years, is that the blood is the remarkable "Elixir of Life," and that if it is kept pure and rich no disease can be a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince all of the truth of his claims he is absolutely free to run. Some of these cures are indeed remarkable, and but a few days ago a witness was brought before the reporter. The latter he threw away a bottle of his wonderful remedy, and in three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by their physicians, were restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and rheumatism disappear like magic under its influence. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, female complaints, colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissue, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

Lady With the Sword.

(Continued from page seven.)

young Duke of Lisle. If report has not slandered more fully than usual there is scant reason why any woman should spare ... unless, indeed, he should happen to be the man who hath already fallen before my rapier when I and the villains met? ... though in truth ... I would not ... single ... I saw it."

"To Gaston Lisle thy message goeth," responded Villencourt, with a low bow.

"Prepare it at thy leisure and let me know when it is ready."

"In a day or so, when Paris quiets a little."

There was slender ceremony in their leave taking, yet they parted more like old comrades than a pair who had met but thrice or so.

When Villencourt went into the streets the storm still rumbled, and here and there were traces in plenty of its passage. Other men venturing out either flocked to the political centers, joined wtih the mob, or were anxious for the news.

Villencourt was the exception. He ... looked to the right or to the left, ... to no one unless it was crisp greeting in answer to hail of passing acquaintance. He was on his way, straight for the roms of Gaston, Duke of Lisle.

He reached them and found Gaston. By strange chance as it seemed, Captain Eugene Bristolet was with him.

Villencourt threw himself down with scant greeting.

"It is satan's own mess we have been ...," he said, shortly.

"Lisle, I may as well tell thee, thou art marked for the next victim."

Gaston, Duke of Lisle, was as fine a looking young specimen of the French nobility as one would wish to see. A crack-brained roystering, swaggering young blade he was cruel and wicked; with a forehead that was rather low, and decidedly broad, well-knit shoulders, and a reputation, fairly earned, of a being a "killer." With all that, those who knew him best, and were not compelled to look out for his heel, proclaimed him to be a prince of good fellows, loyal to his friends, free with his purse, and honest as the world went. And for courage—no one had ever called it into question, and lived

He and Captain Bristolet were a pair who ran well together, and it is likely that the Captain had been telling him something of his adventures following the hasty adjournment of the Club. Possibly he had also given hint of how De Villencourt had crowded in to spoil the sport. Yet, he looked his newly arrived friend over with a smile on his somewhat heavy lips.

"The news is not so bad when all we gentlemen of Paris are looking for holes into which we may crawl, and there hide. Bristolet hath already given me in part the tale of the adventures of the fair demoiselle knight errantess, and how thou wert, or wert not, inclined to second his efforts. A curse on it, man, why spoil sport, to the cutting of thine own throat as well as those of thy friends?"

"Because she was a woman, good and true, and because I was one of the thirteen ... drew her into this strait. I would ... and a felon did I do differently when she appeals to me."

The tones of Villencourt were even as ever, and there was a flash in his somber eyes which told he meant what he said, even if he must back it with his sword.

"And at the end—what? Offer they neck to the stroke of the avenger? Of a truth, Master Raymond, I have no taste for such high flown folly. I'll meet any man who calls on me, though it be a stone mason; but to cross swords with a woman, and a woman who headed the rabble across the drawbridge at the Bastile, were worse than folly."

"Yet to me it seems there was a something said in a certain compact which bears a different meaning. Truly I imagined each ... [illegible] ... Surely, that ...

"But, indeed, will I."

The persistence of Villencourt was irritating, and the Duke spoke shortly.

No trace of anger was there in Villencourt's tones. He went on calmly as ever.

"Sorry am I to speak of it, but it must be plain to the dullest what that must mean. I can talk it over now with moderation; once the insult given, of refusing the party whose challenge I may bear, there can be but one course for me. The cause becomes mine, and we two must meet."

"So be it, though there are few in all the earth I would hesitate more to cross swords with—and thou knowest I say not so from fear."

"But listen a trifle more. Win which may in such amiable divertisement, there are ten more the victor must face—thou or I. To a surety the prospect is not flattering."

"Ten more! Ah, how?"

"Again the compact hath been forgotten. Who slays one of us shall himself by us be slain. 'Who?' 'Whoever!' Whether the ... of us, or some other, makes ... difference. Death was what we were after; and it looks as though it was death we were to have."

"A curse on the compact if that be the way it reads. Once start the ball to rolling and we shall be like the parcel of cats of which I have heard."

"Very like. Think better of it, Lisle. When we decide to dance we remembered ... Payment seems to be ... and I am one to claim that all bills shall be met.

... the fiend's name then, bring on the challenge. On ... I swear her sex shall not make me spare her. What that means, you who have tested my fence must know."

"I do know, yet that is no affair of mine—I only spoke of this thing at the present so that later on there should be no horse-play, when I came to call on—shall I say Bristolet—in punctilious form."

"Bristolet, of course. ... member, that under those same articles which thou hast mentioned, I could not be forced to the fight until another month had come; but I waive all that. Whether any of the other brethren would or will is another matter."

Each bowed gravely, and the conference was closed.

This extraordinary narrative of love and fighting during the French revolution will be continued next week. All subscribers are still offered our cameras and patterns free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen of the Ledger.

What Supports The Heart?

The heart is the hardest worked organ of the human body. It beats on an average of seventy times a minute—from the minute of birth to the minute of death. Every half minute or every thirty-second beat the whole of the blood in the body is pumped through the heart, so that the dual heart moves about six tons of blood in each twenty-four hours. On the purity of that blood health depends. On the strength of the heart depends the strength of the body.

The question then is, how can we keep the blood pure and the heart strong? That question answers itself when we know what is the common cause of the blood's impurity, and whence arises the tendency to heart "trouble." What is blood? Blood is only digested food. In proportion as food is nutritious the blood is rich. In proportion as the food is properly digested the blood is pure. Indigested food clogs and corrupts the blood, and indigestion often precedes or attends the first symptoms of heart "trouble." The first necessity to the production of pure blood is that the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition shall be in the perfect working order of sound health, so that the food received into the stomach is properly digested and perfectly assimilated, for the stomach is the vital center of the body. No man is stronger than his stomach, because physical strength is derived from food digested and assimilated. Deaths ascribed to weak heart and "heart failure," therefore, are more properly ascribed to weak stomach and stomach failure.

It is this dependence of the heart upon the stomach which explains the cures of "heart trouble" effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, eliminating from it the substances which corrupt and poison it. Even this alone would take the strain from the overtaxed heart. But Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery also acts directly upon the heart itself. It strengthens the heart's action. It contains one of the best and most efficient heart tonics known to medical practice, and as a natural consequence the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" has resulted in many notable cures of the heart when it has become involved in disease. It removes the predisposing cause of heart trouble and makes the weak heart strong.

$3,000 forfeit will be cheerfully paid, in lawful money of the United States, by the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, if they cannot show the original statements and signatures of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing attesting the superior curative properties of their several medicines, and thus proving the genuineness and reliability of all the multitude of testimonials volunteered by grateful people.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I add my testimony to your list of sufferers who have been helped the same as I have been," writes Mrs. Wm. P. Young, of Trenton, Ontario. "Last January I took a very bad spell and was for ten days and nights suffering pains in my head, neck and jaws, and had faint spells and heart trouble. Was taking five different kinds of medicine from the doctor all at one time. Could not do my housework at all, and stomach troubled me so I could not eat anything without having an uneasy feeling. One day I thought I would give your medicine a trial. I took Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I feel better now than for years. Can do all the work for seven in family, but before using your medicines I could hardly do any work and could not be left alone, I had been such a sufferer for the last six years. I truly believe that if every poor sufferer would give Dr. Pierce's medicines a fair trial there would not be so many invalids."

"Our little boy, now three and a half years of age had been delicate since birth," writes Mrs. J. A. Shotwell, of East Stroudsburg, Pa., Box 158. "About eighteen months ago an abscess formed in the groin which we had lanced, and it continued to discharge for eight months. We were told an operation would be necessary to stop it. Acting on the advice of friends we began giving our child Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The discharge stopped before he had taken two bottles. He has taken eight bottles and his health now is good."

"For about nine years I suffered with ulcers on my ankle and one on my instep which at times would pain so severely I could not sleep night or day," writes Mrs. J. T. Sefton, of Yatesboro, Pa. "A friend advised me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines, which I did, and found great relief. Had only taken one bottle when I could do a hard day's work and could lie down and rest at night without pain. The ulcers are entirely well and I have better health than I have had for about twelve years. Took fifteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and can recommend your medicine to any similar sufferer. I send you sincere thanks, and blessings for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

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A Tender Hearted Girl.

Mother—Are you sure that girl will make you a good wife?

Son—Sure? Absolutely certain. She is the most ... considerate, tender-hearted girl I ever met in my life.

Mother—I am delighted to hear that. How did you find it out?

Son—By asking her for kisses.

Prepared.

Mr. Staylate—Ah, my darling, so you really did expect me again this evening?

Miss Twittem—Yes, George; I've been sleeping all day.

Dressed Quietly.

New Boarder—Who is that making such a noise because he can't find his necktie?

Landlady—Oh, that is the gentleman who dresses so quietly.

Too Careful.

The new reporter—Well, I have done the best I could under the hampering restraint of your excessively strict rules.

The city editor—I think you carry your instructions a little too far in this item.

The new reporter—I think not. You distinctly said that I must assert nothing.

The city editor—Still, I think, you ... far when you say the "alleged de... citizen appears to have deliberately shot himself through the head, presumably with suicidal intent."

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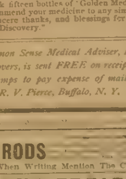

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH

Or, Around the World on a $50,000 Wager.

By HIRAM RICE ROMANS.

(Copyright, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 4, Jan. 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

BORDER JUSTICE.

As Tom Elliott felt himself grasped by powerful hands in clutch and whirled upward to the heavens, he gave himself up for lost. The terror of the moment was appalling and the roar of the approaching storm was deafening, as he spun around in space like an animated pin-wheel.

Suddenly his head encountered some object and there ensued a crushing sensation, as if his skull had been crushed, and then [illegible] and he was out of a jarring sensation, then down! down! down! Would he never reach the end? Down! down! then a limp body struck something hard and then a few broken bones no more.

It was a badly bruised boy who opened his eyes the next morning and gazed painfully upon the bright sun just shedding its first rays upon the awful work of the previous night.

The country seemed torn to pieces. The fields of waving grain and tender stalks of corn were laid flat, and fences did not resist anywhere. Here and there were scattered remnants of a dwelling and other debris which silently told of the devastation.

Tom's head ached, his limbs were stiff, and his muscles pained at the merest motion. He felt like one great bruise, and yearned to lie back down upon the ground and groan out his misery until found by someone.

But suddenly he remembered the wager; he was losing time lying there. He might have a round which needed instant attention. If he laid there and waited for assistance it might cost him days or even weeks on a sick bed.

These thoughts brought him to his feet, and selecting a short stick for a cane he hobbled on wearily toward the west.

His clothes were in shreds and the only vestige of his wheel remaining was one of the tires which was around his body when he recovered his senses.

The task of walking to the nearest town almost ended the work of the storm, and as soon as he came to the first house he [illegible]

[illegible] resting other sufferers of the storm and Tom was but another in their eyes, and it was not until a doctor had examined him thoroughly and pronounced him all right, saving a few bruises, that his identity was learned.

Tom immediately telegraphed to Denver for Mr. Navarre to send him the wheel he ought that had been reserved there for him, and late that night Mr. Navarre and his daughter arrived with the outfit.

Tom was glad to see them and laughed at their fears that he was seriously injured.

"I'll get away from here immediately," he said.

"What an awful experience you have had!" exclaimed Ella.

"It was frightful," replied Tom, "and it is a thousand wonders I was not killed outright. I consider myself lucky."

"But just think of such a terrible test even before you are out a thousand miles," persisted Ella.

"Yes, if it continues I won't reach San Francisco," laughed Tom.

"Bad beginning makes a good ending," thought said Ella, and I'm a firm believer in old sayings. So now we will hope that you have gone through the worst of it."

"I hope so too," said Tom. "I'm afraid another cyclone would kill me outright."

"I wish you could stop in Denver," said Ella. I have every so many pretty places I would like to show you there, and then you can't stop, though."

"No, I have lost over a day now, and must push right along."

"I had a strange experience the day after we arrived in Denver," said Ella. "A man who came on the same train with us from Chicago was the cause of it."

"Tell me about it," said Tom.

I was out riding by myself in the park, and had left my wheel to get a drink at a spring. When I returned I was about to step into the buggy something seemed to tell me not to, but I couldn't hope to [illegible] it myself.

"Just then this man drove up and offered to [illegible] me and my wheel home in his buggy. I consented, and handed the wheel up to him. Just as I was about to step into the buggy something seemed to tell me not to, so I said I guessed I wouldn't go with him.

"Oh, you ought to have seen the look he gave me. He swore something awful. Then he picked up my wheel and actually [illegible] with it. A lady who came up just [illegible] the man hire a boy to [illegible] to meet the villain," exclaimed Tom.

"He means some harm to you."

"I'd what pops and I both think. I am a little scared and would go back home but of course that would be more loud, so I will stay with pops and watch that the man never gets a chance to injure me."

"Well, all the same," said Tom, "I want to get my hands on that fellow, and when I [illegible] him good."

[illegible] must be careful if you ever meet him," said Ella, "for I am sure he [illegible] a knife quicker than he would his fists. He looks like a wicked man."

"Well, you be very careful," urged Tom. "He is more likely to harm you than he is me."

True to his word, Tom started the following morning, despite Mr. Navarre's wishes.

"Got to keep going," said Tom, "and my bruises will heal faster as I ride. You can see I want to make up this loss ere I reach Denver."

Riding at record gait all the time, it was only by a burst of superior speed that he could hope to do this. The light winds, however, helped him along and he skimmed across the Nebraska prairies like a bunch of thistledown, scaring the sage hens and frightening the prairie dogs into their holes. Habitations were few and far between, and often he would ride a whole day and not meet a person on the road. However, he managed to make from one house to another in such time as to miss no meals.

Tom was riding along rapidly one morning; he had spent the night previous in a farm house, and was now pushing along to reach a large town, over a hundred miles distant, before night came. About nine o'clock he came upon a couple of horsemen, who were riding as fast as their jaded horses would carry them, and as Tom attempted to pass between them one of the riders called:

"There he is! Stop thar!"

Tom turned to see what had caused the man to cry out, and just then the other man, who had quickly uncoiled his lariat, swung it gracefully around Tom's body, jerking him unceremoniously from his wheel.

"You pestilerous cuss!" exclaimed the other man as he drew a revolver. "I have a notion to plug ye."

"What's the matter sir? What do you mean by this?" demanded Tom, getting to his feet.

"What does I mean, hey? What do with her [illegible] Wot

Wot

Why, my darter, of course

"Well, you can search [illegible] Tom. "I never saw your daughter [illegible] "Don't lie ter my young gal, or murdered her, he'll hang yer the first [illegible] "Why, sir, I know nothing of your [illegible] My name is Tom Elliott, and I live in Chicago."

"That [illegible] I don't [illegible] but I knowed yer was from [illegible]

"What does he mean?" asked Tom, addressing to the man who had roped him, whom he discovered wore a [illegible] on his coat lapel.

"Well, now, don't [illegible] how that's [illegible] spleinin' fer you, seein' as how ye oughter know all about it, but [illegible] of the law I spose I should talk in plain mayhew. You see Sol's darter [illegible] been workin' fer forty dollars per week, she run home with one of them [illegible] T'other day a fresh cuss, which is [illegible] cum erlong on another bike. He started in Chicager and was sweet on Sam's darter, and when he kicked his outen the house the same I spose you felt, and he [illegible] girl ducked. I didn't see the [illegible] but he were a red nosed cuss, [illegible] had a yeller wheel, so I guess yeller [illegible] descriptions. Yer arrested fer assault [illegible] murder.

"You are making a [illegible] [illegible] tlemen. I am Tom Elliott [illegible] am riding around the world [illegible] and I am serving [illegible] this delay."

"Around the [illegible] and don't try ter ride too fast. We [illegible] ter the county seat and [illegible]

Tom mounted his wheel and started [illegible]

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No guess work
Any one may compete for this great prize

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Piano Free
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The squarest contest ever held. It is open for all!

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Read Every Word of This.

Can you count the exact number of rings in Provident Powell's facsimile as shown in the above illustration? If you can or come nearest to giving the correct number and outline the best method of counting the rings you receive the first prize and this great $850 award—a beautiful $350.00 piano. All readers of this paper are privileged to try for the prizes. This is the most liberal and fairest contest ever devised. There is no guess work. The prizes will be awarded by three of the most prominent men in the state of Iowa. They are Hon. Emory English, member of the state legislature; H. P. Dreos, treasurer of the city of Des Moines and Chas. E. Johnson, secretary of the Des Moines Y. M. C. A. The names of these men as judges of the contest bespeak the fairness with which the distribution will be made. There are 115 prizes in all and you should not fail to secure one of them. The time that your answer is received will have nothing to do with awarding of the prizes. If your's is the best answer and should be the [illegible] one received before the contestloses you will get the first prize.

Here are the Prizes!

1st PRIZE	$350 PIANO
2d PRIZE	$150 GOLD
3d PRIZE	$50 GOLD
4th PRIZE	$20 GOLD
5th PRIZE	$10 GOLD
Next five, $2 each	$10 GOLD
Next 100, $1 each	$100 GOLD
SPECIAL PRIZES	$150 GOLD

The first prize will be awarded to person counting nearest the correct number. In case more than one person counts equally correct the piano will be awarded to the one giving the best plan for counting. Therefore you should be sure to send along your plan for counting. The other prizes will be awarded in the same manner.

It costs you nothing to enter your answer in this contest, but it is open only to subscribers of the People's Popular Monthly, a 32 page illustrated story magazine which is worth $1.00 a year, out which is now being sent for [illegible] cents. If you will send in two years by subscriptions at 50 cents each or one subscription for two years with $1.00 you are entitled to three counts. You may send ten subscriptions at 10 cents each (this is a special price) for the magazine for three months and receive five counts. Write all names and addresses plainly.

Grand Special Prizes $150.00.

Two special prizes; $100 extra will be paid to winner of first prize, $50 extra to winners of second, providing the winners have three or more counts entered. Therefore if you have the correct count send $1 and if you win first you will get $100 extra in gold, and if second $50 extra in gold. If you send only 50c you will get no extra prizes and only one count. The rings are not easy to count so it is far safer to have one or two counts on each side of what you think is correct.

YOU CAN WIN THE FIRST PRIZE if you take pains and count the rings correctly and furnish the best plan for counting them. Someone is going to get the piano, why not you? Count the rings now and send in your subscription at once for the great home magazine. Send your subscription either in Postoffice, Express Money Order, or Registered letters. Contest closes on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1903. The complete list of prize winners will be published in the March issue of the magazine. Write today and address all letters to The People's Popular Monthly, 703 Manhattan Building, Des Moines, Iowa.

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a moderate gait. The lariat was still around his body, and any attempt on his part to remove it met with a rough admonition from his captors that he would be shot if he attempted to escape.

"He orter be strung up ter a tree, Jim," urged the father of the girl. "Them city chaps what go pokin' around the country luring off young girls is about the worst thiefs, an' we know we allus hange hoss thieves."

"I know that, Sam. But he's in the hands of the law, and yer must let the law take its course, even if it does string out the hill da'y."

"But he might get cleared by some lawyer trick."

"Reckon 'twould do him no good. He couldn't ride that thar wheel faster'n a bullet can travel from a 45."

About noon the trio arrived in the county seat town and Tom was placed in the jail. A crowd soon collected and the story was told and magnified to such an extent that the small crowd became swollen into an angry mob howling for the life of the prisoner.

A justice of the peace was found and Tom was brought before him, charged with the abduction and murder of Jessie Fields, daughter of Samuel Fields, to which charge Tom pleaded not guilty.

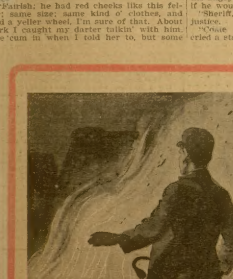
The father of the girl swore that Tom had called to see the girl and that he had kicked him out of the house, and that night the girl disappeared.

"Are you sure this is the same fellow?" asked the Justice.

"Yes."

"You had a good look at him?" broke in Tom.

"Parbleh; he had red cheeks like this fellow; same size; same kind o' clothes, and had a yeller wheel. I'm sure of that. About dark I caught my darter talkin' with him. She 'cum in when I told her to, but some



"My God!" cried Tom, "I'm lost!"

time in the night she got up and skipped, taking her bike with her."

"What has he done with your daughter?"

"Lured her away. What her fate'll be nobody knows. She may be dead now, or was her dead, which is the same fer him."

The officer who captured Tom proved to be the sheriff.

"Don't we know you arrested this boy without a warrant?" demanded the justice, desiring to be as officiating as possible on the case.

"Reckon I do, Squire," returned the sheriff.

"Are you aware of the law?" asked the justice.

"Yes, yer honor; but, ye see, Squire, I haven't a time to monkey about papers. We found the feller, we jest brung him in with us, and allowed we'd make it all right afterwards."

"The gravity of the case will excuse the irregularities you made and the liberty you have taken."

"We'll let her go at that, Squire, and let's be glad the skunk is caught."

He then proceeded to testify to the same things Sam Fields had, and the evidence was deemed sufficient enough to hold the case to the circuit court without bail.

Before this was done Tom asked to be allowed to state his side of the case, which the justice finally decided he might do. Tom said:

"Gentlemen, my name is Tom Elliott; I am from Chicago, and am on a bicycle trip around the world on a wager of $50,000. I know nothing about these people, and assure you a serious mistake is being made. If there is a man in this town who reads the newspapers, my story will be recognized as a fact. If there is not, some of you telegraph to any of the Chicago papers for references about me."

"That's a likely lot of rot," commented a bystander. "As if some one would be fool enough to risk real money on such a thing."

"He looks honest," said another, "but then all them ducks is nice lookers."

"If he lured that girl away from home for an evil purpose he ought to be lynched," chipped in a third.

"That's right! Chances is her dead body is layin' out there on the prairie right now. Lynchin' is too good for cheats of his kind."

Although the Justice tried hard to quiet the crowd, it was evident that the sentiment of the people was against Tom and it would require only a leader to get up a lynching party.

The citizens of that community mete out a kind of justice of their own. Horse thieves, robbers, murderers and betrayers of women seldom ever lived to secure a regular trial.

"Young man," cried the justice, silencing the rising clamor with his loud voice, "the evidence is against you, and I must hold you to the regular session of the circuit court without bail. Charged as you are, with luring an innocent girl from her home, and perhaps murdering her, stamps you as a desperate character, and you will have to answer to a higher court. I'd order you hung, if I could."

"I want a lawyer," demanded Tom.

"You won't need one," responded a cowboy, standing near.

"Naw, your case won't come to trial," added another.

Tom knew there would be no trouble to clear himself if he only had time, but from the angry mood of the mob it was doubtful if he would have the time.

"Sheriff, remove the prisoner," called the justice.

"Come on, fellers, let's string him up," cried a stalwart cowboy, who carried a long lariat on his arm.

The resistance of the sheriff was only a show, a slight protest, and then he backed away, while the excited mob surrounded the prisoner, put a rope about his neck, and led him from the room.

Tom made no resistance; in fact, he knew it would be futile, having no weapon, and to offer one against a hundred excited men.

He resolved that if he must die he would die as became an innocent and brave man and with no fear of death.

His hands were bound behind his back and the strong halter was drawn taut around his neck.

Then he was led to the public square and the rope thrown over a telegraph pole, while the crowd surged around excitedly.

"What's the prog?" asked the leader of the mob.

"No," answered Tom.

"Got anything to say?"

"Yes."

"Out with it."

"I am innocent. I wish you would delay this scene until you telegraph to Chicago and get an answer. It would prove what I say."

"Don't do it. Telegraphin' is not in our line. Anything else?"

"Yes; if you are determined to lynch me without a chance to prove my innocence, at least give me a drop so I will not die it decently. Give me a drop so I will break my neck. I don't want to be choked like a cur."

"Say, young feller, you're too partickler for a feller who's got only a few minutes to live. If you've nothing more important than that, we'll swing ye up."

Tom was silent.

"Let her go, boys!" called the leader, and

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-rotting tobacco habit, which in many cases ruins the desire for tobacco, with all its nerve-distress, expense and filthy use, or take the blood-purifying, nerve-restoring, manly vigor-making Pyo-strength and you can be healthy, strong, magnetic, full of life, and enjoy life. Don't be a tobacco wreck. Be a man. Pyo-strength makes you strong. Pyo-strength makes you clear-eyed. Buy and use Pyo-strength. Pyo-strength will help you. Pyo-strength is sold by druggists, 50c and $1.00, or sent direct by mail. Pyo-strength is guaranteed to cure. Pyo-strength is the only guaranteed cure. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will cure you. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will help you. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you a man. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you happy. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you strong. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you clear-eyed. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you magnetic. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you full of life. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you enjoy life. Don't be a tobacco wreck. Be a man. Pyo-strength makes you strong. Pyo-strength makes you clear-eyed. Buy and use Pyo-strength. Pyo-strength will help you. Pyo-strength is sold by druggists, 50c and $1.00, or sent direct by mail. Pyo-strength is guaranteed to cure. Pyo-strength is the only guaranteed cure. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will cure you. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will help you. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you a man. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you happy. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you strong. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you clear-eyed. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you magnetic. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you full of life. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you enjoy life. Don't be a tobacco wreck. Be a man. Pyo-strength makes you strong. Pyo-strength makes you clear-eyed. Buy and use Pyo-strength. Pyo-strength will help you. Pyo-strength is sold by druggists, 50c and $1.00, or sent direct by mail. Pyo-strength is guaranteed to cure. Pyo-strength is the only guaranteed cure. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will cure you. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will help you. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you a man. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you happy. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you strong. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you clear-eyed. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you magnetic. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you full of life. Pyo-strength is the only remedy that will make you enjoy life.

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LUCKY "7" PUZZLE

$1000 TO OUR LUCKY READERS FREE!

In the square below are a lot of figure 7's. They are all jumbled up and mixed together so that they are hard to count. The idea of the puzzle is to count the number of figures in the square. The person guessing the right number has a chance to win a prize. Now, just count the figures and send the exact number, but we not only give prizes to the person who counts correctly but also to the one, the nearest who comes to the correct number. With this number of chances and guessing who answers in a offer has a chance to get a prize. The person who counts the correct number will get $500, the next $200, the next $100, the next $50, the next $20, the next $10, and the next 120 prizes each one $1.00, and the next 1000 persons in the correct count get presents, the average value of these presents is 50 cents each.

Now, remember, these presents are free, for not one prize that we give is really divided. There is no guess work in this puzzle. It is simply a test of your ability to count figures correctly. Every one who sends in a guess will be told how they stand, so up that it takes but a moment and care in order to count them correctly. This contest closes Tuesday evening, March 31st, at 5 p. m., and no guesses will be received after that time or date.

The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD have a paid capital of $1,000,000. We own our own paper mill. We employ no agents, but do our own subscription work. We advertise exactly as we agree, and in dealing with us you are dealing with one of the largest and oldest publishing houses in Chicago.

The WOMAN'S WORLD is a large 16 page magazine, size of Woman's World, already has a circulation of 1,000,000 copies, and is growing by leaps and bounds. Subscription price 25 cents a year. The magazine is printed on book paper profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and departments, dramatic news, household hints, puzzles, stories for young folks' depart-ments and splendid stories by prominent writers. We are willing to spend money to secure new readers and the low subscription price of 25 cents a year is an inducement that makes it possible for everyone to subscribe and get the best monthly in the world for the price.

Everyone sending in a guess must send in 25 cents for a year's subscription, which entitles them to one count in our contest. For example, if you send 50 cents you will get your year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD and be entitled to four counts. If you are already a subscriber you may enter the contest for the same, or your new subscription will be added to your present subscription. You can also get your present subscription extended one year another for 25 cents.

Please write name and address plainly, also your name and address. Send in your count as soon as you have made it. You may send in as many as you pay for according to this offer.

CONDITIONS.—Each person must count the number of 7's in the square and fill in the count in the proper space. For example, you will fill in "at least 725," and if you send in three counts fill in the proper spaces in the blank. No person connected with the WOMAN'S WORLD, nor relatives of the Corp of Chicago is allowed to compete for the prizes. No one knows the correct count but the publishers of the WOMAN'S WORLD, and the count will be made by them and sealed by 3 officials and the correct answer will be given. Then all the counts that are received will be compared and the prizes awarded. The paper and receipt will be sent as soon as possible. Remember that it takes some time to prepare the subscriptions, and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once do not be alarmed. No counts will be counted after the time we are counted by us. Publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD, Chicago, Ill. Counts must be in our office before 5 p. m., March 31st, 1903. If you send 25 cents write your count in the blank space below and state that you want a year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD. If you send 50 cents you will get a year's subscription and one count. If you send 75 cents you will get a year's subscription and two counts. If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended. The subscription blank below is made so that you can answer all the questions by simply writing the word "one" if you send one count or cross out the word "one" if you send four counts. Extra blanks will be furnished free upon request. Remember we are a responsible concern and that the prizes will be faithfully awarded, also remember there is no guess work about the matter. It is simply a test of patience and correctness.

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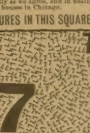

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Each person answering this contest correctly in the blank below and state the number of figures in the square.

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1 Prize for nearest correct answer	200
1 Prize next nearest	100
1 Prize next nearest	50
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120 Prizes next nearest $1 each	120
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NOTE—Simply write in your count in figures, thus: 920.

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the "boys" yanked Tom's body into the air.

CHAPTER V.
THE BURNING TRESTLE.

"Hold on there! What's all this about?" asked a stalwart man, pushing his way to those who had just swung Tom Elliott into the air.

"Hanging a feller what needs hangin'!" was the chorus of answers.

"What has he done?"

"Lured Sam Field's darter away an' murdered her."

"Let him down!" thundered the man, and instinctively the lynchers obeyed.

"Take that rope off. You've got the wrong man!"

"That's what he said," remarked one of the men, loosening the lariat and helping the gasping victim to his feet, "but we 'lowed he was mistaken. Come, young feller," he continued to Tom; "this is the same old airth, no New Jerusalem fer you yet."

"Are you sure this ain't the feller?" asked one of the crowd, suspiciously.

"Sure? Why, of course, I am."

"Well, tell us how you know."

"I issued a marriage certificate to Jessie Fields and William Sawyer this morning at four o'clock. Got out of bed to do it, because they said they had eloped and the old man was after 'em. I hurried up, too, for I was skeered I'd lose the fee. Parson Gaines married 'em at half-past four and they took the five o'clock train to Chicago."

"Say, fellers, we're mistaken. This is Probate Judge McCormick and he oughter know what he is talking about."

"Where's Sam Fields?"

"Yes; where is he?"

"Here I am," answered that worthy.

"Say, what do you mean by allowing us to almost hang an innocent man?"

"Wal, he wore the same kind o' clothes and had a yaller wheel; I'd swear to the wheel."

"You're a bum guesser; you couldn't get up a hanging bee fer a sure-enough hoss-thief after this mess."

"Sorry, fellers; sorry you had your fun sp'iled. Still, I'd swear to the yaller wheel. Say, young feller, guess you was right. Hope you don't have any hard feelings, though? Man has t' look arter his fambly, you know."

"Oh, no," sarcastically answered Tom. "I'm perfectly willing to be hung or suffer any other small inconvenience if it will amuse the crowd and relieve your conscience regarding your family."

"Say, he's getting a little riled," said one.

"'Nough to rile anybody. He may take a notion to shoot Sam yit."

"He's got no gun now."

"Wan't he game, though."

"You bet; walked up jest as sassy; and he's only a boy, too."

"Well, all hands come and licker on me," called Sam Fields, and there was a unanimous move toward a certain corner.

"Come on, young feller."

"Thank you," returned Tom. "The bartender might recognize me as the man who robbed his hen roost a year ago, because I have black hair, so I will decline. I think I will have to tear myself away from you. You are all too imaginative and decidedly too enthusiastic to suit me."

Tom hastened to the jail where his wheel and other property had been taken from him, and after securing them he rode out of the town without even waiting to secure his dinner.

His journey to Denver was uneventful, and after spending the night with Mr. Navarre and daughter he pressed on toward the coast, glad that 1,200 miles of his journey was past, though there was still nearly 10,000 that he must pedal.

Tom had no time to notice the grandeur of the scenery, but he soon learned that if he desired to make time he would have to leave the wagon trails and take to the railroads.

He was agreeably surprised to find a fine roadbed between the tracks, and there were but few rough places where the ties jutted above the rocks and gravel.

Trestles were numerous—great high structures they were which bridged some awful canyon, whose sides were straight up and down, and ranged from a few feet to thousands.

All these trestles had a couple of boards laid in the center between the rails, making a walk for the trestle watchers. Although this walk was only about a foot in width, it served Tom's purpose admirably, and he would skim across the chasms like a bird.

Thirty days out from Chicago and two hundred miles from San Francisco! Such was the condition that confronted Tom. He must make this distance within the next twenty-four hours at all hazards. If he failed he would miss the Roanoke, on which Mr. Navarre had engaged passage, and the next steamer was just one week later.

"Fellows used to make double centuries in Chicago in less than fifteen hours when nothing depended on it save the honor. I guess I should be able to ride that two hundred in twenty-four hours and get a little sleep, too."

He decided he would ride until it was too dark for safety, then he would hunt a good place to camp by the track and thus get an early start in the morning.

Soon he discovered a place just suited to his taste, and he proceeded to make himself a bed of branches, after which he ate a portion of a lunch from his haversack, and then "went to bed," glancing as he did so at a great trestle which extended across a large chasm on the brink of which he had made his bunk.

Along in the night Tom was awakened by an unpleasant sensation of dampness, and it did not take him long to discover that it was raining; not hard as yet, but sufficiently to moisten everything, while the long rolls of thunder and sharp flashes of lightning told him that the elements were preparing for a severe downpour.

Tom quickly unrolled his rubber coverings and soon had himself and his wheel securely protected, while he mentally hoped the weather man would cork up the fluid by the time he must start on a record-breaking dash for 'Frisco.

It was well he had crawled under the rubber coverings, for scarcely was he entirely concealed when there came a flash of lightning which lighted up the gloom for an instant as if the sun had suddenly returned.

Clearly outlined against the background of black sky Tom beheld half a dozen of the toughest-looking ruffians he had ever seen.

The glimpse had been fleeting, but it was sufficiently long enough to stamp them on his mind as dangerous characters, and they were not more than twenty feet away from him.

"This is a great night for us," exclaimed one of the men.

"You bet."

"It'll be thought lightnin' set the trestle on fire."

"Yep."

"And the express will be here in twenty minutes. Reckin' she'll take quite a jump when she finds no trestle."

"'Bout five hundred feet's all," laughed one of the men, but it was suddenly hushed by a sharp—

"Halt there!" from one of the party near the track.

"It's me—Bill Hawkins," answered the challenged man.

"Oh, it's you, Bill?"

"Yep."

"All right; did you fix the watchman?"

"Well, I should say. He hopped off the trestle out there at the highest place. I waited to hear him hit; Lord, what a drop it must be! Did you get the fire going?"

"Yep; took some time on account of the rain, but we had plenty of oil, and once she gets going she'll eat the trestle up just like snow in hot water. See, there, now!"

As he spoke, a dull red glow began to show in the west, and then a streak of flame shot up in the air.

"Thats good! Come, fellers, let's get around where we can get at that express when she hits. I hope the express car won't be clear under the others; if it is we'll have to use dynamite. We have got to get that gold!"

"Sure it was shipped?"

"Yep; Jim telegraphed me; its in the second car from the engine. Come on, fellers; a hundred thousand in gold, and all the rest we can get."

"I must save that train," thought Tom, as the men moved away.

Hastily packing his outfit he quickly trundled his wheel upon the track, watching closely the dim outlines of the desperadoes when the lightning flashed.

A curve and huge bluff hid the trestle from the direction in which the train was coming; if he did not succeed in reaching a point of safety and successfully signal the train it would plunge 500 feet to death and destruction! The man had said it was due in twenty minutes, and fully half of that time had elapsed. Could he make it? Ah, there was but one answer—try!

Cautiously he pedaled to the trestle and felt for the narrow board on which he must ride across the great chasm. It was to be a swift dash through inky blackness, with only an occasional flash of lightning to guide him from running from the narrow track and then off the trestle to death upon the jagged rocks below.

Just as he started upon the trestle there was a brilliant, blinding flash of lightning, and just as suddenly came the report of a revolver. A hiss of air sounded in Tom's ears and then his rear wheel commenced to bump regularly in its revolutions, and he knew he had escaped a revolver shot to have his tire punctured at the outset of that perilous ride.

"What is it, Bill?" demanded one of the robbers.

"Thought I saw a man on the trestle."

"Oh, I guess not. It's nothing but one of the water barrels."

"Mebby it was; well, it's got a hole in it now."

"Come on."

Then, suddenly, the storm burst in all its fury; it seemed as if the heavens were opened, so great was the deluge. Tom was nearly swept from his wheel by the fury of the storm.

The villains who had fired the trestle were past masters in this devilish business, else the storm would have drowned it out. They had coated the under portion of the structure with oil, and being somewhat protected from the rain it burned rapidly, and now the upper portion hung together without any support from the lower tiers of framework.

The blaze now flashed up through the ties and lighted up the skies above. The narrow board was wet and slippery and the punctured tire made Tom's progress extremely dangerous and much slower than he would have wished.

Suddenly he was confronted by a solid wall of flame that was eating up the structure on which he rode. Death stared him in the face. A hasty glance behind showed that the flames had hemmed him in.

There was a creak as if the timbers were giving way.

"My God!" cried Tom, "I'm lost!" and he dashed ahead into the flames just as that section of the trestle burned loose and dropped into the chasm with a frightful crash.

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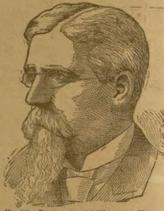

Health, Strength and Vigor for Men.

size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 711 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from their daily mail, show what men think of their generosity.

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength, and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and they want every man to have it.

BOOKS! PHOTOS! TIP TOP! Send stamp for circular. C. CONROY, 122 Park Row, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DICE & CARDS All kinds. Catalog FREE. J. L. Hollis, Swanton, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lost or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

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A POSITIVE CURE

FOR MEN ONLY WITHOUT MEDICINE

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies

Will Cure the Most Obstinate Cases. No Nauseous Doses. Price $1.50. Sold by Druggists. Send for Circular. Address J. C. ALLAN CO., P. O. BOX 2996, - NEW YORK

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Varicocele

CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP IN SIX DAYS.

GRAN-SOLVENT Soluble Crayons will dissolve all obstructions and restore healthy circulation, forever expelling the sluggish accumulations in Varicocele in Six Days.

Crayons are inserted at night and dissolve in three hours, curing while you sleep. No round about guess work or stomach drugging, but a direct, local application to the entire Urethral tract.

VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED TREATISE **FREE.**

ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASS'N,
19 St. James Building, - Cincinnati, Ohio

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CURES WEAK MEN FREE.

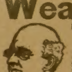
How any man may quickly cure himself at home. Send name and address to-day. The prescription of this celebrated American doctor-scientist, which will quickly restore natural size, perfect vigor and nerve force to small, shrunken and weak sexual organs, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, **Free**, to men who write

THE NORTHWESTERN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
165 Lincoln Building, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Weak Men

Permanently Cured by a Recent Discovery.



CHIEF OF MEDICAL STAFF. (Copyrighted)

Everyone suffering from the terrible ravages caused by Excesses or Abuse, or who have Varicocele, Spermatorrhœa, Weak Back, Small Parts or Sexual Weakness in any form can now cure themselves at home without publicity by our Special Home Treatment. Its effects can be seen and felt within a few days after beginning treatment. Send your name and address, and a free trial package of this discovery will be sent to you at once. "Strength and Manhood" and proofs of cures sent FREE.

J. A. FALES, 16 Traynor Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Dorothy, the Child of Fate.

(Continued from page three.)

fool too long," she acknowledged to herself. "'Tis a step I should have taken long before."

It took some time to find just what she wanted, but, eventually, she succeeded in leasing quite a mansion in one of the best south side streets. Here she surrounded herself with servants, carriages, fine furnishings, and provided herself with a wonderful wardrobe.

When at last all was in readiness, and as she stood before the mirror with the dark hair tightly confined about her head, under a fluffy blond wig, and beautifully gowned, she clasped her hands gleefully, and said:

"This is the first time in years, that I have felt like Dorothy Lambert. The change has put elixir into my sluggish veins. Now, away with dull care and misery. Dorothy Lambert, alias Heloise Hoaston, is going in for a frolic! The world is false, false to the core! I've got to fall in line, so here goes! Madam Heloise Houston, I salute thee," she said, making a low courtesy before the long mirror. Thus shall she take thy proper place in the social world. Thou were not made to 'hide under a bushel,' or waste thy sweetness on the desert air. Thou hast youth and beauty and wealth and intelligence, and should claim thy rights. Avaunt, thou demon of the past! I will have no more to do with sorrow. Heloise Houston is going to be very, very happy, and cheat the world—cheat the world!" she repeated laughing. "Do you understand?" she said to the reflection. Then she turned away and skipped around the room delightedly, much to the amusement of old Nannie, who sat looking on.

"Dat am right, honey, right heaps o' sense, honey. Youse jes go in an have a good time. Youse hain't worry 'nough. It am good fer dis old darkey's eyes, ter see you a laughin' and a cuttin' round like dat."

"I wonder, Nannie, if we shall find it hard to fool Aunt Betty? I improvised all manner of stories as excuse for my absence. May the dear God forgive my lies—but they are white ones, aren't they Nannie? 'Tis fair, isn't it?"

"She nuff, it am now, honey. Ya' lies am sat white as snow."

At this speech, Dorothy laughed merrily, "I told Aunt Betty that I would spend five days of the week here, and two out there," exclaimed Dorothy. "That I was intent upon writing, as you know I am, Nannie. And I happened to hit the truth again, when I said that I must have relief, or die. That I must live part of the time where I am unknown, to provide against her paying me a visit. I told her we were stopping in a hotel. Aunt Betty, you know would as soon go to a pest house as to a public hotel, she has such a horror of them."

And so it was through such experiences, and influences, that Dorothy Lambert, came to lead her dual life. How well she succeeded, remains to be seen.

The concluding chapters of this highly interesting story of a woman's struggle against the world's harsh judgment will be found in next week's Ledger. All subscribers are entitled to our Free cameras and free patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

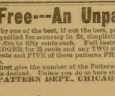
Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Send 25 cents in stamps for subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. Two other 25 cents subscriptions will entitle you to any additional pattern.

REMEMBER: To avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, be sure to fail to give your measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. In case you do so have stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

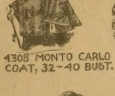
4310 WAIST WITH PLAITED BOLERO, 32-36 BUST.



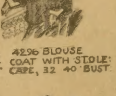
4308 MONTO CARLO COAT, 32-40 BUST.

4296 BLOUSE COAT WITH STOLE CAPE, 32 40 BUST.

4312 EVENING WAIST, 32-40 BUST.



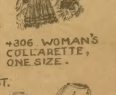
4292 BOX PLAITED WAIST, 32-40 BUST.



4306 WOMAN'S COLLARETTE, ONE SIZE.

4307 SEVEN GORED SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.

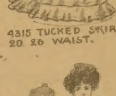
4303 MISSES NINE GORED SLOT SEAM SKIRT, 12-16 YRS.



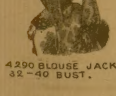
4315 TUCKED SKIRT, 20 TO 26 WAIST.

4290 BLOUSE JACKET 32-40 BUST.

4298 MAIDS APRON, 32-36-40 BUST.

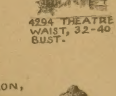


4294 THEATRE WAIST, 32-40 BUST.



4316 GIRLS TAM-O-SHANTER CAPS, 4-8 14 YRS.

4314 MISSES TUCKED BLOUSE, 12-16 YRS.



4301 BLOUSE SHIRT WAIST 32-40 BUST.

Blood Poison Cured Free

The Remedy Is Sent Absolutely FREE to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

A celebrated Indiana physician has discovered the most wonderful cure for Syphilis or Blood Poison ever known. It quickly cures all such infections as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the body and in shundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful specific has completely changed the whole body into a clean, perfect condition of physical health.

The illustrations above plainly show what this Grand Discovery will do.

William McGrath, of Guilford St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: I am a well man to-day where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had failed to cure me of syphilis. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and natural in two weeks, and after completing the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and to-day I am absolutely well.

Every railroad running into Ft. Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure and to enable those who cannot afford to make what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing they will send free to every sufferer a free trial package of the remedy so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address the State Medical Institute, 4161 Electron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once and the free trial package will be sent sealed in plain package.

MORPHINE Free Trial Treatment

For Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Painless, permanent Home Cure. Original method discovered by Dr. Haines. Write for free trial treatment and full particulars. A full trial treatment sent after reply.

Write H. Prof Association, Suite 378, 42 Van Buren St., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN

If you are suffering with any disease of the **Private Nature, or Stricture, Enlarged Prostate, Nervousness, Nervousness, Debility or Weakness,** should not rest or to pass water, Scalding Sensation, Drains and Blotches, you will get instant relief and a speedy cure by using

$1 SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE. $1

Two years continued marvelous success warrants us in guaranteeing every consumer perfect satisfaction.

SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE eradicates every trace of these diseases by dissolving and dislodging the obstruction and poisonous matter, causing it to pass away in the urine. Many cases of vertigo has been cured by it, curing, dilating or healing the parts, so that it does not become necessary to use instruments. To demonstrate its great VALUE to thinking people that are writing us, we are sending one full months' treatment, prepaid, upon receipt of **$1.00.** This is enough to permanently cure our ordinary case.

Makes you as sound as when a boy. Order now, this reduced price may be withdrawn any time. Our booklet "FREE." Contains testimonials from the leading men of the country. All communications treated confidentially. Beware of imitations. Sold only by

THE D. A. SKEEN CO., 160 Reid Block, Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper, Press for Large size, $15. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, cards, paper.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

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WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for communicating with the one you love, and keeping the communications, secret from everybody else, or information you do not want anyone to be find out. You can write to your friends on a postal card so that no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't write it. Send 25 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARKESBURG, PA.

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GET BIG MAIL

Would you like to get big mail? Would you like to get letters from all parts of the country? If so, send 10c to us and we will tell you how to get big mail. We positively know that manufacturers, jobbers, mail order houses and others are constantly writing to the farmers to get their names and addresses, as they are the best buyers. We have a list containing names and addresses carefully arranged by counties, which we will send you for 10c. Remember, this is no humbug, as we have been in the mailing list business for years and realize its great value. Send 10c and we will send you 10 cents in silver by our records. Write your name on the back of the silver and send it to us. Remember, we agree to give you 10 cents in silver for your 10c. Remember, we agree to send you the names and addresses of 10 farmers, and that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Money refunded if we fail to do as we agree. Remember, we mean saying you what you mean counted in any letter I which we are sent you. Send 10c to-day. Address

ADVERTISERS' DIRECTORY CO., Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.

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FREE

To introduce WOMAN'S WORLD and make you a present agreeable to yourself, each of the

12 GREAT WORLD'S FAIR CITIES

shown below is a beautiful picture, size 11x14 inches, printed in 12 colors, making a handsome picture for framing. Besides we will send you a special trial offer to our 3 months' trial subscription list, and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD 3 months, and you will get **FREE** by return mail the 12 beautiful pictures, size 11x14 inches, 12 pictures, minute frames, 3 large dailies and WOMAN'S WORLD 3 months, all for 10c. Pictures accurately with full description as mentioned below; also the fine flattering headliner-chief, collar, the end. Address above—different—all ready to work—all square inches—send 10c AT ONCE. A FREE GIFT TO YOU. **IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES.** Address

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 21, Chicago.

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BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADE AND LEDGERS to sell, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 1 cent out of every 2 cents you collect and send us the rest each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,

Name.....

Street.....Town.....

Date.....State.....

Catarrh, Foul Breath.

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit and There is a Constant Dripping From the Nose into the Throat, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, That is Catarrh.

Large Trial Package Free---Quickly Cures.

Any person having catarrh always has a bad breath. The sense of smell and taste are nearly always destroyed in time so that the person who has catarrh does not realize how loathsome their disease is. They continue their k'hawking-k'hawking

FRANK M. JONES, Sweet Home, Ark., Cured of Catarrh After Years of Suffering.

and spitting about unconsciously until they are shunned by everyone, and the worst of them is enough to make a well person sick. Here is a typical catarrh victim. James Atkinson, of Helena, Mont., says: "Twelve years ago I contracted what seemed to be a cold in the head. It soon proved to be a chronic case of catarrh. I used all forms of catarrh snuffs, inhalers and all sorts of remedies, and one celebrated specialist treated me over a year without relief. I gave up in despair. The dropping of mucus into my throat and the coughing and hawking in the morning, with awful pain in my ears, grew constantly worse and my breath was something awful. I dare say I used 20 catarrh remedies before I tried Quaker Catarrh Treatment. In a week I could breathe easily and naturally and I felt better than for years. To-day I am entirely cured of the loathsome disease and I owe my good health to Mr. Gauss and his wonderful combined treatment."

It gives wonderful relief, especially in those chronic cases where the mucus drops down the throat and lungs, sickening the stomach, and leads to many diseases, including consumption.

Catarrh is a blood-tainted disease, and local applications of inhalations, sprays, ointments and douches will not cure it. A trial package that will convince you, free. Send name and address at once to C. E. Gauss, 1042 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

CANCERS No operation. Health Herald FREE. Write Dr. R. M. Bigelow, Dept. 2, Lawrence, Mass.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BECOME an ACTOR or ACTRESS. I will teach you in private. Success or no pay. Guarantee. Send for book "How to Become an Actor." Roy Dougherbaugh, Princes Tuxon, Anita, Iowa

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

YOUR FUTURE and PAST life revealed in book form. Love and marriage. ALL TOLD. Wonderful life readings. Send three stamps and birth date. H. SHAGREN, San Francisco, Cal.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE and **LIQUOR HABITS CURED.** Thousands having failed elsewhere, where have been cured by us. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 82 Lebanon, Ohio

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WANTED. Men to learn Barber Trade. Tools, diploma, position and board given. Short time required. Write at once. Mention this paper. MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn., New Orleans, La., or Omaha, Neb.

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$100.00 FOR $1.00

AND A LIFE INCOME PROBABLE.

JOHN J. HUNTER, NEW YORK.

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NEW PUSH BUTTON.

Will throw your Cards up in the air, but not out. It will do the trick. Greatest thing ever sold. Only one sold in each town. Get one and give your neighbors the benefit of their trade. Only 10 cents. ADD'S HOSE & CO., 301 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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DO YOU USE EGGS?

THEN YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THE

Pittsburg Egg Separator

In your house. It is necessary to all cooking where eggs are used. It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. No Kitchen is Complete without One. Price 10 Cents. Big commissions and quick sales for agents. Address W. C. WATKINS, Box 1503, Pittsburg, Pa.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Had Good Authority.

General Winfield Scott, the hero of the Mexican war, used a secretary for all his correspondence, private as well as official, once in the absence of his secretary he undertook to write an order for the transferring of some privateers, and spelled "wagon" "waggon." Later the secretary in looking through the various memoranda, etc., found the order and detected the error. "General," he asked affably, "by what authority do you spell 'waggon' with a double g?"

Scott never turned a hair as he replied without a moment's hesitation:

"By what authority? By the authority of the made-general commanding the armies of the body in any work that requires skill. The Maya people of Yucatan, however, have kept the free-and-easy use of the toes in doing many kinds of work. It is said that the Maya women, who always go barefooted, will pick up a pin from the floor as easily with their toes as with their fingers. An archaeologist who has spent some time among the people in the interest of the Peabody museum of Harvard university, tells the following anecdote of his landlady at Chichen Itza:

"Coming into the house one day, the American noticed that the pig had been rash enough to trespass upon the domain of the mistress of the house. The woman was in close pursuit of the intruder, but piggy would look in any direction other

THE BUGS' REVENGE.

"When I grow up," said Willie Bewlee,
"I think that I shall be
A noted entomologist,
Exalting my family."

So he commenced with implements,
Including the pins and net;
For never an entomologist
Had done without them yet.

From early morning till late at night
He ran and crept and flew,
Returning at night, his knapsack filled
With every kind of bug.

Comprising the beetle, the lantern-fly,
Cucharita, the flea,
The gooseberry-worm, the bottle-fly,
The soldier bug and the bee.

He stuck them up on the wall, he did,
With pins right through their backs;
PUNISH. Words to learn. Rachel Tada, Tada, dyspepsia, publicize, and board given. Short time required. Write at once. Mention this paper. MOLER BARBER COLLEGE, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn., New Orleans, La., or Omaha, Neb.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Then, smiling, he viewed that bright array
Before to bed he went.
Though never a one of them slept or ate,
His mind so bug intent.

He tried to doze, but vain attempt,
It wouldn't succeed at all.
For all at once the bugs dropped out,
And the bugs crawled down the wall.

Willie Bewlee's poor eyes popped out.
His flesh rose on the thought
Of the silent horde of punctured things
Creeping around his cot.

Then lo, behold! as quick as a wink
They swarmed upon the bed.
While Willie Bewlee had scarcely time
To hide his throbbing head.

They tackled him through the counterpane,
They pinched him through his gown;
Procuring a pin they spitted him,
Which finally held him down.

The soldier-bug then said to the bee:
"I can't remember when
We've been such a merry wife,
Or such a fine spec-i-men."

This set the other bugs wild with mirth,
They held their sides for joy;
As they wallowed around the bed
Viewing the struggling boy.

The squirming entomologist did
Nothing but plead and groan,
Vowing he'd leave all butterflies
And other poor bugs alone.

The lantern fly then said to the bee:
"All right, we'll take his word."
So loading the pin they all crept down
So soft that none was heard.

The sun was up four hours or more,
When Willie woke up to find
A doctor near his bed
And mother just behind.

The doctor smiled and said, said he,
"He's over-studied, that's all."
Then Willie Bewlee was glad to find
The bugs still on the wall.

GEORGE REITER BRILL.

of the United States, sir! What better authority do you want?"

The Cat and the Doughnuts.

This is a true story that my grandmother told me about her cat and dog. She used to find the cover of her dough-tray bar, and also noticed that her doughnuts disappeared. One day she heard a noise and found that her cat was on the shelf where the doughnuts were kept. Then it put its paw in the jar and drew out a doughnut and pushed it off the shelf, and the dog, who was looking up at the cat, caught the doughnut in his mouth and ate it. When they found they were caught they acted very guilty.

Trained Tors.

The laws of civilized people have lost much of their cunning as helpful members

than toward the door.

Had she been compelled to stoop and seize the animal with her hand, the outcome of the chase might have been doubtful. Mayan training, however, gave her a great advantage. She reached out her foot as the pig ran by, seized him by the tail between her great toe and the second toe, and with a graceful swing of the leg she landed the pig some yards beyond the threshold.

When told by the American that he had never seen the thing done in his own country, the Mayan woman replied that it was so easily done with the toes as with the fingers.

Of Course.

Schoolmaster—Why did the Normans and Saxons fight at Hastings?

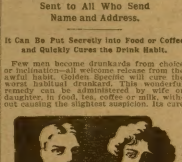
Pupil—That's where they happened to meet, sir.

CURES DRUNKARDS SECRETLY

Free Package of the Only Successful Cure Known for Drunkenness Sent to All Who Send Name and Address.

It Can Be Put Secretly into Food or Coffee and Quickly Cures the Drink Habit.

Few men become drunkards from choice or inclination—all welcome release from the awful habit. Golden Specific will cure the worst habitual drunkard. This wonderful remedy can be administered by wife or daughter, in food, tea, coffee or milk, without causing the slightest suspicion. Its cure



MR. AND MRS. HARRY BURNSIDE

is sure without harmful results to the system. Many a home is now happy by the use of Golden Specific. "My husband got into the habit of taking a drink with the boys on his way home," says Mrs. Harry Burnside, "After a while he came home drunk frequently. He soon lost his position and I had to make a living for him and the little children. At times he tried to sober up, but the habit was too strong for him and then he would drink harder than ever. I heard of Golden Specific and sent for a free package. The treatment cured him. I put it in his coffee and he never knew it at all. He regained his old position and now we are happy in our little home again. I hope you will send Golden Specific to every woman that has suffered as I have, and save her loved ones from the drunkard's grave."

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